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JAN. 1, 1857.]

THE CRITIC.

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## THE CRITIC, London Literary Journal.

### MEMOIRS OF THE LEARNED, LITERARY, AND SCIENTIFIC SOCIETIES.

SINCE our announcement of this scheme, the numerous communications which have been addressed to us afford a sufficient and encouraging proof of the interest which the undertaking has excited. We are now engaged in collecting from all available sources the materials to work upon, and we shall be glad to receive from the officials and members of the various societies any assistance that may be in their power, in the form of lists of their members, or hints as to the sources whence useful information may be derived. The Memoir of the ROYAL SOCIETY will be issued with THE CRITIC for the 1st of March 1857.

### THE LITERARY WORLD: ITS SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

IN ushering in the new year, and offering our readers and well-wishers the compliments of this festive season, we see much to be satisfied with in the issues of the past, and much that is hopeful in the prospects of the future. It is a great thing to be able to say that during three years of an absorbing and important war, the literary activity of this country was enough to keep the publishing trade and the literary journals, if not in full work, at least in sufficient condition to present an unchanged aspect to all but the initiated. The war itself supplied a vast quantity of materials for literary employment; and, although it is always difficult to make history and to write it at the same time, the works which have emanated from eye-witnesses, and even from persons actually engaged, cannot but prove to be of the greatest service to those who will have to pronounce the grave verdicts and judgments of history. As for the year which we have before us, we are glad to perceive that there is every symptom of a busy and prosperous publishing year; the announcements are numerous and important, the trade has every appearance of healthy activity, and the book-sales which have already taken place have passed off in the most satisfactory manner. Altogether (assuming always that no foreign contingency interferes to force us from our present peaceful state of mind) we see every reason to expect that the season of 1857 will be a memorable one in the literary and publishing annals of England.

One great experiment, which has not yet been fairly tried, will doubtless be pushed to demonstration in the course of the coming year. We refer to the cheap press. Up to the present time the penny press has had everything against it: nothing in its favour. It has had to contend against the dearthness and the economy of the times, as well as the active animosity of the established journals; and that, in spite of all these obstacles, it still survives, is, in itself, a great fact. This year will probably prove the turning point in its career: it has passed the probationary season of an untried scheme, and that it has not yet failed must, under the circumstances, be taken for an actual success. If, on the re-assembling of Parliament, honourable members will do something towards reducing or abolishing the tax upon paper the cheap press will have a better chance still, and a political power will be called into existence of which few have any adequate idea at present. In the mean time, we are credibly informed that some of the established morning journals feel so acutely the rivalry of their cheap contemporaries that they have resolved to curtail their expenses, by dividing the cost of their Parliamentary reports and employing one staff of reporters to supply them. This very judicious course, is precisely what we recommended about eighteen months back. As reporting is a purely mechanical operation, we do not understand why a single staff of reporters should not supply the entire press.

All the musical and literary journals are occupying themselves with the important discovery of Handelian MSS. lately made by M. VICTOR SCHËLCHER; and we could have wished that the tone adopted by the generality of them had been more generous or even more just. The *Illustrated London News* sees reason to deplore that these treasures have fallen into the hands of "a Frenchman," and suggests that the nation shall make some offer sufficiently "munificent" to induce

this "foreigner" to forego his prize. The *Musical World* takes a still more offensive tone, and speaks of M. SCHËLCHER as "a French gentleman, who had probably never heard of HANDEL until he came to this country." Now, all this not only displays excessively bad taste, but is founded upon entire misconception of the facts of the case. What those facts really are, we shall briefly proceed to lay before our readers, premising that no one can be in a better position than ourselves for explaining them, seeing that we (that is to say, the writer of these remarks) were instrumental in bringing the existence of these MSS. under the notice of M. SCHËLCHER.

A description of these MSS. appeared in a catalogue which was issued by Mr. KERSLAKE, a bookseller of Bristol, a copy of which was sent to us in the regular course of business, and was placed upon our table with the many other publications of a similar description which come before us every week. As far as we can recollect, Mr. KERSLAKE's catalogue remained unexamined for several days—two, or perhaps more—but when its turn came to be looked over, the description of the Handel MSS. at once attracted attention. Knowing that if the volumes fulfilled even a small proportion of the description in the catalogue they must be extremely valuable, and feeling great interest in the task which M. SCHËLCHER had undertaken, we lost no time in bringing Mr. KERSLAKE's catalogue under his notice.

Of course, as *The Musical World* suggests, it was quite as easy for the Sacred Harmonic Society or for the British Museum to make the purchase, as it was for M. SCHËLCHER; and the only explanation why that gentleman was successful is, that he had no one but himself to consult, and lost no time in offering to make the purchase from Mr. KERSLAKE; whereas the Sacred Harmonic Society had possibly to call a meeting of its committee, and pass resolutions, before its secretary could be authorised to act. At any rate, M. SCHËLCHER wrote down to Bristol on the evening of the very day on which the existence of the MSS. was made known to him, and requested Mr. KERSLAKE to send up some volumes as samples of the lot. In less than a week the purchase was completed, and the MSS. safely lodged in M. SCHËLCHER's possession. It is only fair to Mr. KERSLAKE to state that his conduct in the transaction was beyond all praise, displaying a quality of chivalrous honesty which does him the highest credit. Whilst the negotiations with M. SCHËLCHER were pending, the agent of the Sacred Harmonic Society made his appearance in Bristol and offered to purchase the MSS. To this Mr. KERSLAKE replied that he was already in treaty with a gentleman, and could not treat with them until that was at an end. Upon this the agent for the Society offered one hundred pounds for the lot (the price asked being five-and-forty pounds); but still without inducing Mr. KERSLAKE to listen to his propositions. At this time the sale to M. SCHËLCHER was not completed; but Mr. KERSLAKE, considering that he, having been the first in the field, had the better right to the refusal of the manuscripts, refused to accept the higher price which was offered by the Society, and accepted from M. SCHËLCHER the sum which he had originally fixed in his catalogue. Nor did he ever urge upon M. SCHËLCHER the offer of the Society as a reason for increasing his price; on the contrary, that gentleman was only made aware of the extremely honourable conduct of Mr. KERSLAKE by the officials of the Sacred Harmonic Society themselves.

With regard to the sneer of the *Musical World* about M. SCHËLCHER not having heard of HANDEL till he came into this country, it is both absurd and uncalled for. M. SCHËLCHER is known as a musical connoisseur of no common order, and his pretensions are far beyond such insinuations as these. That he was the first to buy the MSS. is a sufficient proof that he knew something of their value; and the use which he will make of them in his forthcoming biography of the great maestro will prove that his knowledge of HANDEL is not of very recent date. Then, as to the fact of their having fallen into the hands of a Frenchman: M. SCHËLCHER, although a Frenchman by birth, is by blood a compatriot of HANDEL himself, and has, therefore, quite as good a title to feel interested in the works of that great man as even the Sacred Harmonic Society has. It is, indeed, amusing to see the absurd pretensions of our English connoisseurs now that the memory of HANDEL has been as it

were exhumed by foreign hands. Although HANDEL lived in this country during the greater part of his life and produced almost all his immortal works here, it is a curious fact that, with the exception of some two or three oratorios, those works have been suffered by our musicians to fall into utter oblivion; and now, when the good people of Halle announce their intention of celebrating the hundredth anniversary of his death, and the Leipzig Committee have issued their prospectus for a complete edition of his works, suddenly there arises in all our musical coteries a HANDEL-mania that is perfectly astonishing: such as might lead the unwary into the belief that the great German has been the god of our English idolatry from the time of his sojourn among us until now. The fact is, Englishmen have (as in the case of these very manuscripts) been so long *thinking about it*, that suddenly there comes "a parcel of foreigners," who take the work from under their very noses, and do the business before they can recover from their surprise.

As for M. SCHËLCHER, we can only add that his conduct has been (as might be expected of him by all who have the pleasure and the honour to know him) most generous and manly throughout. Having acquired these great treasures by fair and honest means, he has placed them unreservedly at the disposal of the Sacred Harmonic Society, with a liberality and a courtesy which have drawn forth the public acknowledgments of the Society itself. Could he do more? Might he not, indeed, (considering the task which he is engaged upon), have blamelessly done less? Yet the *Musical World*, with an illiberality which we could vainly hope was unintentional, applies to his beneficent conduct these shameful terms: "M. SCHËLCHER, having outwitted the Sacred Harmonic Society, and shamed the British Museum, can afford to be generous!"

Mr. THACKERAY is to deliver his course of lectures "On the Four Georges" at the Marylebone Institution; and we have no doubt that here at least he will enjoy the advantage of having a large and appreciative audience, without the disagreeable necessity of haggling over the price to be paid him for his services. Considering that this course of lectures will inevitably be purchasable in a printed form, at about the price which is to be charged for admission to one of them, it seems to follow that the only inducement to pay that price is the curiosity or desire which some people feel to study the personality of the great satirist. But why they should disburse just seven times as much to see Mr. THACKERAY as they do to inspect the hippopotamus we do not very clearly apprehend. We know that there are high precedents to be cited of literary men exposing themselves to the gaze of the multitude. Mr. ALBERT SMITH does so every night, and sometimes in the forenoon (*vide* advertisement in the *Times*); Mr. HANNAY has done so; Lord JOHN RUSSELL has done so (though we never heard that he pocketed the proceeds himself); and why should not the great Mr. PENDENNIS follow these illustrious examples. What can be held to be a degradation to a literary man when the great LAMARTINE, the poet of France, one of the greatest and proudest and most dignified gentlemen in that great and proud and dignified nation, considers it fitting to his reputation to send such a begging letter as this to the subscribers to his *Cours Familier de Littérature*?

I regard my subscribers, sir, not as a public, but a family of friends. I am aware that benevolence towards myself personally had more to do with your subscribing than any literary curiosity had. I am not humiliated by this, but rather proud of it; for I like cordial affection better than glory. If a wish to give me some useful assistance in my work really had any great share in inducing you to put down your subscriptions for 1856, I venture in person to ask you now frankly to continue it for 1857.

As we entertain a very strong opinion respecting the present state of the Copyright law between this country and America, it was not without a feeling of satisfaction that we received intelligence of a meeting of the New York publishers to consider this vitally important question. Our astonishment, however, was rather greater than we have lately been in the habit of experiencing at anything that comes to us from that quarter, when we perused the following resolution, proposed by Mr. G. P. PUTNAM:

Resolved—That, in the opinion of this association, it would be highly desirable for the interests of literature and the book trade, that an International Copyright law should be passed, with such stipulations and restrictions as would secure, mutually, a just and

equitable protection to the mechanical interests involved in the question, both here and in Europe.

So then, while we have been amusing ourselves with dreams of equal rights for authors, and as good a title for the estate of the brain as the squire has in the acres of his ancestry, it appears that, after all, the only important interests involved are "the mechanical interests." We are aware that the American publishers have coolly adopted the curious position that they are not so bad as the English publishers, because they do observe some principle of honour among themselves, and do not steal from each other. That is to say, that when one American publisher announces his intention of appropriating the property of an English author, all the other publishers respect his rights. This, after all, nothing but a new form of the old proverb, "Honour among gentlemen;" but we were scarcely prepared for such an open avowal of it as Mr. PUTMAN's resolution impliedly makes. The putting into hotchpot (as the lawyers would say) "the interests of literature and the book trade" is admirable. What are the interests of the author compared with those of the printer, the publisher and the bookseller—i.e., "the mechanical interests" involved in the question? What are brains in competition with the printing-press? The *New York Evening Post*, commenting upon this extraordinary resolution, says:

It will be seen by the language of the resolution, that only the mechanical interests involved in the question are sought to be protected, and that no allusion is made to the fact that authors in this, as well as in other countries, are quite as much interested in the subject as publishers. It is to be presumed, from the high character of the large publishing houses of this city, that this omission is not intended to be prejudicial to the rights of authors, whose interests are involved in their action, and whose views should be ascertained and duly considered before any definite action is taken by publishers.

The writer in the *New York Evening Post* ought to know; but we, from our knowledge of "the large publishing houses," see no reason to "presume" any such things.

Our great tragedian Mr. MACREADY is doing some things in his retirement that are not unworthy of the past glories of his public life. As our readers must be well aware, this true artist wisely resolved to retire from the scene of his triumphs whilst his laurels were yet green. When he did so the stage lost a great man, but society gained a good one. In his calm retreat in Dorsetshire Mr. MACREADY is living the life of a Christian gentleman, endearing himself alike to his poorer neighbours and those who are his equals in rank by his kindly deeds and enlightened sociability. It is from the local papers that we learn that the good people of Sherborne have been keeping Christmas right royally, and that the great ex-tragedian took a prominent part in the proceedings. It appears that Mr. MACREADY has built at his own expense a school for the education of fifty boys, which has now been in full work for a year, and its breaking up for the Christmas holidays was made the occasion for a kindly meeting between the founder and the boys. A grateful testimonial from the former to the latter—all the more graceful because it was unexpected and totally unprepared for—and a friendly and sensible address from Mr. MACREADY formed the programme of the proceedings; but, simple as they were, they serve to prove how much good a man may do in his quiet work, when, reposing from the fatigues of a great career, he throws aside the purple of the conqueror, and once more becomes—a man.

The gossip about the competitive examinations occasionally casts upon the surface an anecdote worth recording. The other day a young aspirant for Foreign Office Service, who had undergone a slight official training in the Audit Office, appeared before the dread tribunal, and was requested, among other deep and searching questions, to name some person celebrated for his literary attainments, and to describe his special qualifications. The answer was as follows:—"Mr. PETER CUNNINGHAM, the leading man in the Audit Office, now sent on an expedition to Australia." Need we explain that the young gentleman referred to the author of the "Handbook of London," and that the mission to Australia extends no further than to Manchester, where the valuable services of Mr. CUNNINGHAM have been secured as editor of the Catalogue for the Fine Art Exhibition?

The RECTOR of BEACONSFIELD has issued a circular letter requesting assistance in his very laudable intention of erecting a memorial to

BURKE in the church wherein he lies buried. It is within the vaults of Beaconsfield Church that the remains of the great orator and statesman rest. There they were laid in great and significant pomp, attended by one of the most dignified processions of distinguished men that ever accompanied the relics of poor mortality to their final resting-place. There they have remained ever since, and how unnoted, if not unhonoured, the REV. JOHN GOULD shall tell:—

Burke when dying in the very zenith of his fame, with the eyes of all Europe fixed upon his greatness, forbade, what otherwise would have taken place, his interment in Westminster Abbey. His will expressly directed that he should be laid in Beaconsfield church, by the side of his beloved brother, and of that idolised son whose premature death broke the father's heart. Edmund Burke thus fulfilled a sentiment he had expressed in his youth: "I would rather," said he, "sleep in the southern corner of a little country churchyard than in the tomb of the Capulets. I should like, however, that my dust should mingle with kindred dust. The good old expression, 'family burial ground,' has something pleasing in it, at least to me." In sorrow, and to the national reproach, be it said, a mouldering tomb outside the church to Waller, and a poor tablet within to Edmund Burke, are all that commemorate the poet or his mightier neighbour in death the statesman. That beautiful inscription on Waller's tomb, from the pen of Rymer, which Dr. Johnson expressed a hope "was rescued from dilapidation," is fast becoming illegible. A family tablet, it is true, of mean appearance, affixed to the church wall, speaks of Burke and his kindred; but no monumental brass nor inscription marks the actual spot where repose all that was mortal of perhaps the greatest statesman, orator, and patriot England ever saw. No "storied urn, nor animated bust," no proper trophy, nor ornament whatsoever, does honour to his memory. That humble mural tablet, and a decayed hatchment, alone testify the fact of his interment within the church of Beaconsfield—a place now famous from its association with his name. The church itself presents a dilapidated and dreary aspect. The whole fabric is fast passing into a semi-ruinous condition. The country certainly should not allow such neglect of the ashes of the great. Anxious to remove the stigma, I make this appeal, that justice may be done to the poet's memory, and especially to that of Edmund Burke, who was in his day one of the bulwarks of the British constitution, and whose philosophic policy, sound writings, and suave eloquence have gone far to enlighten, while they shielded, the civilisation of mankind.

We trust, indeed we feel sure, that this appeal will not be made in vain.

Mr. ROONEY addresses to us a letter complaining of the statements which have appeared in the *Athenæum* and other journals, respecting the price paid by him for the first edition of Hamlet, which statements he designates as "ungentlemanlike." He also promises to answer "all the low remarks of the *Athenæum*," in a second edition of his pamphlet. In the mean time, he wishes us to state that "the account of the price paid for the Hamlet is not true, and that he has before contradicted it in the pages of the *Freeman's Journal*, and other local journals in Dublin." We regret that the explanation in the local papers escaped us, and that Mr. ROONEY, if he thinks publicity through the medium of this journal of any value, did not forward it to ourselves.

There has been a great pothier in the columns of the *Athenæum* about a certain letter written by M. IVAN GOLOVIN *de omnibus rebus* in general, and the refusal of Messrs. APPLETON, of New York, to publish his "Stars and Stripes" in particular. Now, in fact, this letter was sent to us as well as to the *Athenæum*, and we refrained from inserting it from a conviction that it did not tend to any useful point of literary interest, and that it was merely M. GOLOVIN's own private mode of venting his displeasure against the American publishers for doing that which they had a perfect right to do, concerning which a question of good taste might possibly arise. M. GOLOVIN's work is, in our opinion, not only "hostile to the United States," but it is, in many respects, hostile to the laws of taste, and sometimes even of decency; and if our private opinion upon the matter were asked, we should reply that we quite agreed with the Messrs. APPLETON in refusing to have anything to do with it. That, however, is a matter entirely between those publishers and M. GOLOVIN, and we do not understand how it can be converted into the text for such a homily as this:—

America is the country of the red man, quite as Africa is the country of the black, Asia of the yellow, and Europe of the white man. The New World, therefore, produces a deteriorating effect upon the white

race, and it is a mistake to think that small heads are better endowed than large ones. The nasal pronunciation of the Yankees also indicates an unhealthy state of the nasal channels.

These may be profound physiological truths; but we must confess that to us they appear like

Wild and whirling words, my Lord!

Since, however, they have gained a publicity through other channels and an importance which, in our opinion, they do not deserve, Mr. E. G. SQUIERS, the celebrated American archaeologist, and certain of the American publishers have taken the matter up rather warmly. Some facts which M. GOLOVIN refers to in his letter (such as the destruction of Messrs. APPLETON's press by the New York mob after their publication of DICKENS's "Notes," and other important additions to history), have been entirely contraverted; and M. GOLOVIN's romancing has been compared to that of Mr. ARROWSMITH, very much, we think, to the detriment of the latter. Now that the question is in discussion, we may say once for all that we think incalculable harm is done by the loose admission into the English press of canards affecting the character and dignity of nations. The crimination and recrimination which Mr. ARROWSMITH's nonsense has aroused may do more harm between the two countries than the graceful restoration of the Resolute will do good; and, when all the mischief might have been avoided by a little care and a little discretion, we think that its occurrence is a disgrace to English journalism. If Mr. ARROWSMITH was hoaxed into believing a raw-head and bloody-bones story, and afterwards thought to give it greater piquancy to an auditory of Liverpool diners-out, by relating it in the first instead of in the third person; or if M. GOLOVIN has got it into his head that the American mob destroyed Messrs. APPLETON's press for publishing fair criticisms upon the United States—it is the duty of faithful journalists to neutralise such errors, instead of lending them a fresh and dangerous activity. We are all too apt to believe ill of each other; and some people think it a good joke to impose upon the credulity of the *gobemouches*, who go about seeking materials for embryo books. Only the other day we heard of a party of Englishmen who made an American believe that her Majesty had found it necessary to rebuke a princess of the blood-royal for her indecorous conduct in singing "We won't go home till morning" upon the sands at Brighton. This tit-bit of Court scandal was booked with great glee, and may, some day or other, reappear in the columns of some American journal as "Manners of the English aristocracy." Put this and that together, and we need not go far to reach the key to Mr. ARROWSMITH's mystery.

In any new edition of the "Curiosities of Literature" that may be forthcoming, the following passage certainly deserves a place. We have extracted it from an address to its readers lately put forward by the *Lady's Newspaper*.

At another recurrence of the opportunity for addressing our readers, we feel an increasing pleasure in being able to point to the columns of the *Lady's Newspaper* as an organ rapidly growing in importance as the representative and defender of the fairer portion of the community. Much is asserted—much is admitted—by the civilised world at large concerning the dignity of woman; that she is the heart, while man is the head of society; that, as the household guardian, it is her special province to guard and guide the infancy of our future citizens and wives; that in her is embodied the influence of home, and the care and responsibility of its tendencies and results; that the family circle is the sacred mould in which the future state of society is formed either for good or for bad; that she is the comparatively hidden, yet main spring of our social greatness; that her power is heavenly, and that her mission is divine. All this is true—all this is imposingly great; but it must be left for those who are similarly situated to the conductors of this paper to explore such subjects below the surface, and thus fully comprehend the duties and dignity of the wives and daughters of the present generation.

Magnificent! No young gentleman when rising to propose "The Ladies!" however excited by the fastest polka, or however full, not *veteris Bacchi*, but of "old gooseberry," could have done better. To represent the sex, and at the same time defend it; to administer comfort and counsel to the "heart of society," the "household guardian," the "guard and guide in infancy," whose "power is heavenly, and whose mission divine," must be indeed a glorious prospect. Ladies of England, out with your sixpences and to the rescue! But, stay: is not our cotemporary somewhat too venturesome? He assumes



it as his duty "to explore such subjects below the surface;" and as the subject which he has in hand is woman, we put it to him whether, in the present state of the fashions, he has not undertaken to get through an amount of crinoline enough to appal any but a Cornish miner. Let him be content with the surface and he may do; but let him beware the fate of those who have exhibited a too lively curiosity, from ACTEON down to PEEPING TOM.

LONGFELLOW's poem "Hiawatha" has attained the honours of translation into German at the hands of the well-known poet F. FREILIGRATH. It will appear shortly, with a frontispiece designed by LEUTZE of Dusseldorf.

Whilst J. MICHELET's charming work on the "Life of the Birds" is making the round of the Continent in the form of translations, and is winning golden opinions everywhere, no English publisher appears as yet to have placed it on his list. We would not exchange those agreeable pages for many a ponderous tome on ornithology, and invite to it the earliest attention of the purveyors for our literature, who would no doubt find a grateful public for it among the ladies.

The *Golosy Rossi* ("Words from Russia"), which we have already announced as proceeding from M. HERZEN's private press, is said to be exciting great attention in Russia. The last part contains a very powerful *plaidoyer* in favour of the liberty of the press, followed by an important memoir on the late administration, in which the Emperor NICOLAS is very roughly handled. This article contains a great deal of valuable information respecting the Russian bureaucracy. There is a tendency in the "Words from Russia" to bring about changes by reform, rather than by revolutionary measures, which cannot be mistaken.

The important MSS. of XAVIER HOMBAIRE DE HELL, who died at Ispahan in 1848, are now

being printed at Paris, and the great album illustrating his travels, and containing upwards of one hundred plates, is in course of publication.

The obituary of the fortnight contains some names distinguished in literature and in science. The death of Dr. PARIS is a loss which will be severely felt by the Royal College of Physicians, over which he has so honourably presided for the last twenty-two years. In addition to his great medical reputation, Dr. PARIS was endeared to the literary world as the biographer of Sir HUMPHREY DAVY (in which capacity he produced a work which must ever rank as one of the best biographical works in the language), and also as the author of that admirable companion of our youth, "Philosophy in Sport made Science in Earnest." Many an inquiring mind has had its energies set in the right direction by that wisest and most genial of children's books. In addition to these, Dr. PARIS's works in connection with his profession were numerous and valuable.

Another loss affects very terribly the whole literary and scientific world; for not only is it the withdrawal from among them of a great and gifted brother, but it also serves to remind them of the fearful penalty which attaches to an over-worked brain. Need we say that we refer to the awful death of HUGH MILLER? This celebrated philosopher has passed away as it were in the prime of life, when his genius and his fame were in their apogee, under circumstances so painfully clear that we fear there is little room for doubting that he died by his own hand. He was found upon the floor of his room, with a revolver pistol in his hand, and his vitals pierced with the ball that had been manifestly impelled by that deadly tube. The evidence of his friends and family establish beyond a doubt that for some time before this melancholy event Mr. MILLER was

greatly suffering in mind from various causes. In the first place, the constant recurrence of desperate crimes committed by ticket-of-leave men had afflicted him with a lively dread that his museum would be broken open and its choicest treasures taken away from him. To guard against this, he had lately accustomed himself to sleep with lethal weapons near at hand. In the next place, his brain had been hardly taxed in the composition of a new geological work, to be called "The Testimony of the Rocks," in which he was deeply interested; and it should be remembered that, in addition to the severe mental labour which this entailed upon him, Mr. MILLER had to meet the daily and nightly demand upon his mental and physical strength which his duties as the editor of a newspaper (*the Witness*) imperiously demanded. Mental fatigue tells differently upon different brains. With some (as in the case of poor ANGUS REACH) it induces a relaxation or an exhaustion of the cerebral functions; whilst with others it excites to frenzy, delirium, madness. HUGH MILLER had probably one of those nervous and excitable brains which become elevated under any severe strain. The very evening before his melancholy end he complained to the medical friend of a giddiness which made him feel as if he were "very drunk." It is also shown that he had become lately subject to attacks of very acute agony in the region of the head. Whether, therefore the act was committed under the stress of intolerable pain, or in a fit of delirium, or while under the influence of somnambulism, we cannot positively tell. Be the fact as it may, it is clear that the memory of this great and good man cannot be charged with deliberate suicide; and that it only remains for us to mourn the untimely loss of one of the ripest men of science belonging to this or any other age. L.

## ENGLISH LITERATURE.

### HISTORY.

*Letters of Queen Henrietta Maria, including her Private Correspondence with Charles the First. Collected from the Public Archives and Private Libraries of France and England. Edited by MARY ANNE EVERETT GREEN. London: Richard Bentley. 1857.*

So long as history endures, Queen Henrietta Maria will be remembered as a lady who, although blessed as well by Nature as by Fortune with all the gifts that ought to render a woman happy, although graced with mental talents and moral virtues, and although at the same time the daughter, sister, wife, and mother of kings—yet lived a most unhappy life, and died under circumstances so peculiarly unhappy as to supply the greatest preacher of the day with a text from which to moralise upon the uncertainty of human life, and the impossibility of counting upon felicity in this world, however lofty the station, and however apparently certain the prospect of happiness. Whether we regard her as a queen married to a husband of a different religion with herself, and unconsciously bringing odium upon that husband by that very fact, and widening the breach which already existed between him and his subjects, until their wrath took the form of open rebellion against him, and in their fierce anger they dragged him to the scaffold—or as the widowed mother, doomed to see her children fugitives from their late father's kingdom, and seeking shelter and support from strangers—or as being compelled to seek for herself a refuge from poverty and persecution, and finding herself, even in her declining years, when her son might have assisted her, a victim to debt and difficulty—in every part of her life, in every phase of her greatness and degradation, we are compelled to echo the words of Bossuet, and pronounce Henrietta Maria "a most unhappy Queen."

The letters now for the first time laid before the public are most valuable and interesting, not only on account of the very clear and truthful light which they throw upon the character of this lady, but for the reliable information which they contain as to the inner life of the time. They embrace a period ranging between 1624, when her marriage with Charles took place, down to the year 1669. Many of these letters

have been found in the archives of Paris, and others have been discovered among the Harleian MSS. Some of these were written in ciphers, which Mrs. Green, with great skill and patience, has succeeded in deciphering. The necessity for thus shrouding her correspondence in secrecy is of itself a touching proof of the dangers and difficulties which surrounded the Royal lady, and gives an additional value to it, as affording an additional proof that we have here an exact record of the truth, denuded of all those trappings and disguises in which the exigencies of their exalted state are apt to hide the sorrows of kings and queens.

At the commencement of the collection we find a few of the *billet-doux* which passed between Charles and Henrietta, whilst the treaty for their marriage was pending. The Prince had seen his future wife, as he passed through Paris in disguise on his way to the Spanish Court, and had become enamoured of the graces of her person. On the completion of the treaty Charles addressed a very affectionate note to the lady, congratulating himself upon the successful termination of a negotiation upon which he had built great hopes of happiness. To this, she returned the following very discreet answer:

Sir,—The impatience which you show me you have had, during the time the treaty was pending, and the satisfaction that you tell me you have received on the news of what has been accomplished here, give me certain assurance of your good will towards me, as you represent it by your letters. The King my brother and the Queen my mother being willing that I should receive these testimonies of your affection, I will only say that, if that has not an assumed foundation in all the good which it makes you imagine in me, at least you will find a readiness to show you that you will not oblige an ungrateful person, and that I am and shall always be your very humble and affectionate servant, Henrietta Maria.

In a note, Mrs. Green informs us that the Bodleian Library contains many of the letters which passed between the royal lovers, but that they have not been included in this collection out of compliment to Dr. Bandinel, who has selected them for his next contribution to the Roxburgh Club.

Before her marriage with a Protestant prince could take place it was necessary to obtain the Papal dispensation. This was granted by Ur-

ban VIII., but upon the express understanding that the future Queen was to do all in her power to pervert the faith of Protestant England; that she was (quoting the words used by Urban) "to become the Esther of her oppressed people, the Clothilde who subdued to Christ her victorious husband, the Aldiberge whose nuptials brought religion into Britain." That the mind of the Princess was not indisposed towards this mission is obvious from the promise which she made both to her brother and to the Pope, that, "if it so be that it please God to bless this marriage, so as to grant me the favour of progeny, I will make no selection of persons to bring up and serve the children who may be born, except from Catholics." How well she fulfilled the promise, and what misfortune and misery was the result, is known to all.

But, however injudicious as a queen, Henrietta Maria made her husband very happy as a wife. In one of his private letters, Charles thus speaks of their domestic life:—

The only dispute that now exists between us is that of conquering each other by affection, both esteeming ourselves victorious in following the will of each other.

In September 1630, Henrietta writes an amusing account of her first-born to her friend Madame St. George, the daughter of her former governess, Madame de Montglat.

If my son knew how to talk, I think he would send you his compliments; he is so fat and so tall, that he is taken for a year old, and he is only four months; his teeth are already beginning to come. I will send you his portrait as soon as he is a little fairer, for at present he is so dark that I am ashamed of him.

In the same letter we light upon an amusing proof that queens were not in those days quite so fastidious about their dress as they are now supposed to be. Things were then worn a little oftener than once or twice. Henrietta represents to her friend the need that she is in for "a new petticoat waist;" and it appears that the only person who could satisfy her in that respect was a man named Pin, who resided at Paris. This man is to be sent over specially to measure her for a petticoat-waist (an article of apparel which we presume to be somewhat analogous to the modern busse)—but this we refer to such persons as may be skilled in the archæology of

millinery.) "If he will take one voyage to make me one, he may return and make them afterwards for me at Paris." But of her old one she writes: "I have still my velvet one, *got two years ago*, which is so short for me and so far worn, that I am greatly in want of another." Shortly afterwards, she writes to the same friend:

My son is so ugly, that I am ashamed of him; but his size and fatness supply the want of beauty. I wish you could see the gentleman, for he has no ordinary mien; he is so serious in all that he does that I cannot help fancying him far wiser than myself. Send me a dozen pairs of sweet chamolais gloves, and also I beg you to send me one of doeskin; a game of *joncherie*, one of *poule*, and the rules of any species of game now in vogue.

Ten years afterwards we find a letter addressed to the "ugly boy" himself, and composed upon a very maternal topic:—

CHARLES.—I am sorry that I must begin my first letter with chiding you, because I hear that you will not take physic. I hope it was only for this day, and that to-morrow you will do it; for if you will not, I must come and make you take it, for it is for your health.

Whether Charles did or did not eventually take his physic does not appear; but we know very well that in after-life he continued to exhibit the same indisposition to do that which was requisite for his good.

In her letters about this time we begin to find evidence of the discontent which her Roman Catholicism was causing in the country. Some persons were imprisoned for attending mass in her chapel, whereupon the Queen petitioned for their release; but Charles replied that he permitted her to have her religion with her Capuchins and others; but, for the rest of his subjects, he would have them live in the religion he professed and his father before him." Shortly afterwards the Civil War broke out; and it must be confessed that, as regards the courage and constancy she displayed in the service of her husband, Henrietta Maria's behaviour was worthy of the daughter of Henri Quatre. In her letters, written during their frequent absences, she tenders him advice sometimes good and sometimes ruinous. The italics in this and other quotations are hers, not ours.

I should also wish you to send for *Essex and Holland* to come and serve you; if they refuse, take away their places and keep them vacant, unless you come to some contest; else restore them as they were, provided that they serve you. Do not pass tonnage and poundage any more, for it is against yourself.

Afterwards we find her urging him to present an obstinate front to his opponents:

A report is current here that you are returning to London, or near it. I believe nothing of it, and hope that you are more constant in your resolutions; you have already learned to your cost that your want of perseverance in your designs has ruined you. But if it be so, adieu; I must pray to God, for assuredly you will never change my resolution to retire into a convent, for I never can trust myself to those persons who would be your directors, nor to you, since you would have broken your promise to me.

All this time she was hard at work, getting money for her husband:

As to money, I am at work; I must send into Denmark, for, in the meantime, they will lend nothing upon your rubies. Nevertheless, I will put all my jewels in pledge; but as to you, when that is done, and you have expended that money, still waiting till the Parliament declares war against you, there will be no further means of getting other monies, and thus you will be reduced to do what the Parliament shall please, and I shall be constrained to retire into a convent, or to beg alms.

The spectacle of a poor woman pawning her jewels to carry on the war against a mighty nation is at once mournful and ludicrous. At this time she writes to her friend Madame St. George.

Pray to God for me, for be assured that there is not a more wretched creature in this world than I, separated from the King my lord, from my children, out of my country, and without hope of returning there, except at imminent peril—abandoned by all the world, unless God assist me, and the good prayers of my friends, amongst whom I number you.

On the 4th of June 1642 she writes to her husband.

Since the wind has detained Barclay, I will write you again that I hope in three or four days to send you six pieces of cannon, with one hundred barrels of powder, and two hundred pairs of pistols and carbines; the rest soon after.

And subsequently she promises him "an excellent petarder, an engineer, and two others."

Strange the perversity of the human mind! At the same time that this virtuous and pious lady was consigning to her husband the means of slaying his subjects, she expresses a fervent hope that "God will be her guide and her safeguard." At the same time we find her writing to Richelieu and Mazarin to use their good offices in persuading "the King my brother" to fit out an expedition on behalf of "the King my husband." To her husband she expresses the uneasiness which the false reports which were spread around her respecting the events which were passing in England excited in her mind:

They have here made you dead, and Charles a prisoner: although I see your letters, you imagine this pleases me not. As to Prince Rupert, there are men here who have seen and touched his dead body, and that of Prince Maurice. For battles, there is not a day in the week in which you do not lose one. Such are the pastimes of this country and their tidings.

In February 1643 the Queen returned to England, where she remained during the painful struggles of that year, and left again for France in July 1644. Whilst she was staying at Nevers, in October of that year, the famous duel took place between her dwarf Geoffrey Hudson and young Master Crofts. As our readers are well aware, the latter was slain by his minute antagonist. The public journals of the day, announcing the particulars of this extraordinary duel state: "It appears the challenge was sent by Jeffrey, that they fought on horseback, and Jeffrey, running his horse in full career, shot his antagonist in the head, and left him dead on the spot." After the mischief, Queen Henrietta Maria wrote to Cardinal Mazarin, asking permission to deal with the affair as she pleased, alleging that they were "both English, and my servants." This was granted, and Jeffrey's punishment was not very severe.

It was now very obvious to Henrietta Maria that she could not depend upon "the King her brother" for any assistance; indeed, the tone of her letters at this time is of complaint for slights which were offered to her at the French Court. The cause of Charles I. was plainly a falling one; and neither Louis XIII. nor his wily minister were inclined to compromise themselves by espousing it. In France she continued to reside until Charles I. fell into the hands of the Parliament and perished on the scaffold. Whether she really wrote the oft-quoted letter to her son Charles after the death of his father cannot be accurately ascertained; but Mrs. Green seems to think that it requires substantiation. At any rate, we find her after that melancholy event taking the greatest interest in State affairs, and most anxious for the safety of her son and the vindication of his rights. From that time she constantly corresponded with her son, advising him upon the conduct of his affairs; and when his restoration took place in 1660, her letters assume a tone of affectionate congratulation. In November of that year she went to London, and wrote to Mazarin that "the King, my son, has received me with all testimonies of love which could be;" but she soon returned to France again. A residence at Charles the Second's Court could scarcely be conducive to the comfort of his mother. The collection contains very few letters written after her return; and Mrs. Green ends the string of narrative which connects the letters with the following words: "Debt and difficulty marked the closing scenes of the life of the unfortunate Queen. A minute and curious inventory of the entire furniture of her house at Colombe, and of her personal effects at the time of her decease, is preserved in the State Paper Office, and proves how limited during her declining years was the scale of the establishment of this Queen of England and daughter of France."

*The Historic Peerage of England.* By the late Sir HARRIS NICHOLAS, G.C.M.G. Revised by WILLIAM COERTHOPE, Esq., Somerset Herald. London: John Murray. 1857.

THIRTY years have elapsed since Sir Harris Nicholas published the first edition of his valuable "Synopsis of the Peerage of England," and the numerous changes which have taken place since that time have rendered a new edition absolutely necessary. As our readers are doubtless aware, the plan adopted by Sir Harris Nicholas was to exhibit, under alphabetical arrangement, the origin, descent, and present state of every title of peerage which has existed in this country since the Conquest. Extinct as well as existing peerages may here be found, and

at a glance the inquirer may ascertain not only who is the present holder of the title, but who are the persons that have held it from the very commencement, at least as far back as the Conquest. As an illustration of this, take the title of Byron or Burdn. Referring to this, we see at once that three families have held this title; that the first of these had one peer of the realm, a baron by tenure, in the reign of William I.; that the second family had three peers, also barons by tenure, who lived from William II. to Henry II.; and the third (the existing family) has had seven peers of the realm, barons, the last of which succeeded to his dignity in 1824, and has direct heirs. Full information is also given of these eleven persons who have held successively the title of Byron; and every title, extinct or existing, is treated in the same manner. Nor is this all that the volume contains. In addition to the original prefaces by Sir Harris Nicholas, we have his observations on dignities, and a list of peers and peeresses in their own right, arranged according to precedence. After the lay peerages, we find the archbishoprics and bishoprics, with the names of all the persons who have filled these dignities since the Conquest. Such a volume will be inestimable as a book of reference to the peer, the gentleman, the lawyer, and the journalist—indeed, to all who feel any interest in our great and historic peerage.

*Manual of United States History, from 1492 to 1850.* By SAMUEL ELIOT. Boston.

A HISTORY of the United States, admirably condensed for the instruction of those who have not leisure or inclination to read the larger works of Bancroft and others. Necessarily it partakes of the character of a chronology, and is somewhat dry; but the author has used anxious endeavours to evade the difficulty, and with more success than most of those who have attempted to be at once brief and interesting. He says that he has intentionally confined himself to outlines. In this he was wrong: he should have varied the hard outline with occasional details, if only for the sake of variety. However, it will be very convenient for reference, for great pains appear to have been taken to secure accuracy.

*Curiosities of History, with New Lights.* By JOHN TIMBS, F.S.A. London: DAVID BOGUE. 1857. FOLLOWING out the excellent plan which he sketched out in his "Things not Generally Known," Mr. Timbs has now produced a collection of recondite historical facts. Its value as a work of reference is very great, whether we consider the admirable selection of topics or the clearness and brevity with which they are treated.

## BIOGRAPHY.

*Memorials of the Lineage, Early Life, Education, and Development of the Genius of James Watt.* By GEORGE WILLIAMSON, Esq. Printed for the Watt Club by Thomas Constable.

IN presenting to the members of the Watt Club his memorials of the great mechanician in whose honour that club has been founded, Mr. Williamson has doubtless achieved what to him has been a labour of love. The inhabitants of Greenock are naturally very proud of their distinguished fellow-townsmen; and it is clear that from no quarter could this monument to his genius so fitly emanate as from that which enjoys the lustre reflected upon it by his birth. The grandfather of James Watt was a teacher of navigation, residing in the little town of Crawforddyke, a small burgh within the parish of Greenock. His son James Watt, the father of the great mechanician, was a reputable citizen of Greenock, and even rose to the dignity of baillie. Among the memorials we find a beautiful fac-simile of a large sheet map of the river Clyde, published by this good man. James Watt the younger was born on the 19th of January 1736. His education was plain, but good; and from early years he developed an inclination for mathematical and mechanical pursuits.

A late master shipwright and blockmaker of Greenock, who, along with his father, had served an apprenticeship in the workshops referred to, mentioned to the author, among other interesting particulars relative to young Watt, that he remembered having been sent, when a boy, to clean out an attic room in his employer's house, where he found a quantity of such ingenious models as have been described, and which Mr. Watt senior told him had been, some years before, made by James, who was then in business in Glasgow. Among these models he remembered, in particular, a miniature crane and a barrel-organ.



After he left the Greenock Grammar-school, he appears to have worked in his father's shop, where a forge was erected for his private use, and thus it was that he acquired the rudiments of practical mechanics. In 1755 he was sent to London, but returned in the following year to Glasgow to perfect himself in his father's business of mathematical and philosophical instrument maker.

It was soon after this settlement in Glasgow that the incident occurred which determined Watt's future career. Among his customers was Professor Anderson, then professor of mechanics at the Glasgow University; and among the mechanical models which belonged to this gentleman was a certain model of Newcomen's steam-engine, which happened to be a little out of repair, and to Watt it was confided for the purpose of being put straight. This trivial accident it was that directed the mind of Watt to the consideration of the difficulties which apparently prevented the perfection of the steam-engine; this it was that laid the foundation of his future fame. The results of his cogitations were immediate and valuable. His grand discovery of the Separate Condenser was followed by his patent for a "method of lessening the consumption of steam, and consequently of fuel, in fire-engines." From that time to his establishment at Soho, his career was one of uninterrupted success; and when he drew his last breath at his residence at Heathfield, near Birmingham, on the 25th of August 1819, in the eighty-fourth year of his age, the fame which he left behind him was one which time cannot dim, nor even the breath of envy diminish.

As a specimen of typography these memorials are deserving of all praise, and the execution of the portraits, plans, and maps is admirable.

## RELIGION.

### NEW PUBLICATIONS.

To the long list of works for which the Church of England already stands indebted to the Rev. Canon Wordsworth must now be added *The New Testament of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, in the original Greek: with Notes by CHR. WORDSWORTH, D.D., Canon of Westminster. Part I. The Four Gospels.* (London: Rivingtons.)—This work, when completed, will, we doubt not, be regarded as the most important of Dr. Wordsworth's labours. Notwithstanding the many excellent editions of the Greek New Testament that have recently appeared, there is none that seems to us so completely adapted for the use of University students as the present. The whole preface is excellent, especially the remarks on inspiration in pp. xviii.-xx. The notes, too, on difficult passages, and the various readings, are particularly valuable. Too much praise, for instance, cannot be bestowed upon the exegetical note on Matt. xvi. 18, 19 ("Thou art Peter, and on this rock," &c.) The authorities to which Dr. Wordsworth refers in his notes are both ancient and modern. Of the former, he says: "With regard to the Notes which accompany the present edition, the editor's design has been to recover some of the expository teaching of ancient Christendom, which seems almost to have disappeared from its proper place in the critical exegesis of the New Testament. If it be asked why he has laid so much stress on the interpretations of Christian antiquity, and why the names of ancient expositors occur so frequently in the following pages, he had rather answer that question in the words of others than in his own." He then refers for his justification to Archbishop Wake, Dr. Waterland, and Bishop Hall. Dr. Wordsworth, however, by no means undervalues the labours of the German critics: while he speaks of them in discriminating terms. "It cannot be denied," he says, "that Christendom is indebted to one nation of Europe more than to any other, for critical contributions to the sacred text of the New Testament. Without undervaluing the labours of Biblical critics in other countries; without disparaging what has been done in America; without forgetting what has been effected in our country, particularly by the publication of the Alexandrine Manuscript and the Codex Beza; and by the learned labours of English scholars who have published critical editions of the Greek Testament; we must freely confess that the palm for industry in this sacred field is specially due to another nation. The Masorites of the New Testament are from Germany. But having made this acknowledgement, we are constrained to add, that, if Christendom has had her Masora from Germany, she has had also her Cabbala." We must here take leave to regret that the German quotations are unaccompanied by English translations. This we must regard as a serious evil, since we feel persuaded that the majority of Dr. Wordsworth's readers are necessarily ignorant of German. We feel assured that in no very long time another edition must be printed, in which such English translations might be given. And in the mean time we would respect-

fully suggest to the learned editor to print a supplementary leaf or two (if necessary) with the English translations. This might be bound up with the yet unsold copies of Part I., and an advertisement to the actual possessors of it might be printed, informing them that they may have the supplementary pages for the asking.

*An Inquiry into the Philosophy and Religion of the Bible.* By W. J. BIRCH, M.A., Oxford. (London: Holyoake and Co.)—Is a publication of the Secularist School, written apparently for the express purpose of casting ridicule upon all that Christians hold most sacred. Since the days of Tom Paine there is no writer that we are aware of who has so grossly enunciated his disbelief in a Supreme Being as the present author. He talks of "the fable of the creation."

"The constant idea of a Providence governing," he says, "would destroy all freedom of action, all prudence in mankind, which was probably the reason the Jews fell; they looked to God, and God did not befriend them; and they had better have loved their enemies than God." Again, "The step which brings us from Polytheism to Theism makes the next step to Atheism easy. Polytheism represents many gods, or the parts of nature, and Theism one God, or the whole. Thus they may alternate in the Bible; but an impersonation is a simple absurdity. The one God is not more defensible than the many gods. Polytheism represents the powers of nature—the parts, and Theism the whole of nature; but both are equally material and Atheistic, only susceptible of impersonation in our finite views and are utterly untenable as facts. God, gods, and creation can only represent materialism and man." We might quote many similar passages from this author; but those just alleged will perhaps be sufficient to show the pernicious tendency of his views.

*The Intermediate State: 2 Corinthians v.* By the late DUKE OF MANCHESTER. (London: Wertheim and Macintosh)—is a brief treatise, which appeared originally in a periodical, tending to correct what the author believed to be the erroneous views of many of the "advocates for our Lord's personal reign upon earth with regard to the intermediate state of the soul." After examining various passages of Scripture upon the subject, the position taken by the writer is as follows: "Under former dispensations the souls of saints and sinners were alike in Hades, but they did not jostle with each other (!); there was a wide gulf between 'the bosom of Abraham' and the 'belly of hell.' Again, though the souls of Old Testament believers did descend into Hades, what hinders that the spirits of the perfected just should now ascend to Jesus, the Mediator of the New Covenant, and to God the Judge of all?" It is to the maintenance of this latter opinion that the writer advances his subsequent remarks.

In *My Parish, or the Country Parson's Visits to his Poor*, by the Rev. BARTON BOUCHIER, A.M. (London: Shaw), we have a record of some of the practical experiences of a devoted minister in connection with his flock. The work consists of four tales—or rather true stories, as we presume them to be—respectively entitled, "Mary How, the Parish Pauper," "George Elliott, the Idiot Boy," "The Widow's Son," and "Cooper Gent, or the Outcast brought Home." In each of these the same fervent vein of piety that runs through the author's other publications is to be noticed. We are sorry to read in the preface that Mr. Bouchier has no better account to give of the state of education in the rural districts than the following:—"It might perhaps be added that at the period to which these tales refer education was comparatively in its infancy; certainly, as far as the grown-up and the aged generation were concerned, it had had little influence on them. I am not inclined, however, to lay much stress upon this point; for, though I believe that there is an immensely increased number of the educated classes throughout the country, yet, unhappily, education has not done its work among the agricultural portion of the community, and we find at this day among them as many ignorant and unlettered as in the earlier days of which I write. . . . The problem is yet to be worked out how education can effectually be brought to bear upon our rural population." It is gratifying, however, to know that the problem spoken of by Mr. Bouchier is occupying the thoughts of many earnest men, among whom must be mentioned the author of *The Church of England Schoolmaster; or, the qualifications, natural and moral, essential to the character of a Church of England Schoolmaster to ensure success in his office.* By the Rev. JOHN FREEMAN, M.A., Rural Dean, Rector of Ashwicken cum Leziate, Norfolk (Lynn: Thew and Son). This essay, which was written for the use of the "Lynn and West Norfolk Church Schoolmasters' Association," may be advantageously perused, not merely by schoolmasters, but by all friends of national education. It proves the writer to have deeply studied the subject, since otherwise he would not have been able to present so many valuable suggestions as to the best methods of cultivating the hearts and minds of the rising generation.

*Feigned Excuses* (London: Seeleys) treats of the many pleas and pretences usually put forth by professing Christians to excuse their neglect of religious obligations. The nature of them may be gathered from the following:—"Going to Church will save no

one;" "I can read my Bible at home;" "My husband will not accompany me to Church;" "I did not feel very well;" "I do not like the Preacher;" "Charity begins at home," &c.

Among recent books of travel in the Holy Land, we have to notice *Asûba; or, the Forsaken Land: a description of a recent visit to Palestine.* By the Rev. W. RITCHIE, Berwick-on-Tweed. (Edinburgh: Johnstone and Hunter).—Mr. Ritchie is a graphic and instructive writer, in whose hands the often-told story of travel in Palestine loses no jot of interest. We gladly accompany him in his route, share in his enthusiasm, and thank him for the impressions which his narrative leaves on the mind. So famous has been this country during all ages, and so large a space does it occupy in the minds of all of us, that many are apt to form an erroneous impression as to its actual extent. We, therefore, transcribe a passage from Mr. Ritchie's introduction tending to correct this impression:—"That rich inheritance," he says, "which Abraham received as a divine gift, and from which unbelief has expelled his descendants, is designated by a variety of appellations—Canaan, Judea, Palestine, and the Holy Land—which need no explanation, and which I shall indiscriminately employ. Its boundaries were, perhaps, never very accurately defined. During the reign of Solomon, whose sceptre ruled the widest territory ever enjoyed by the twelve tribes, Judea seems to have stretched from the vicinity of Beyrout, the most northern town of Palestine, on the sea-coast, north-east fifty miles to Baalbek, south-east sixty to Damascus, then 180 south along the mountains of Gilead, Abarim and Moab, to the southern extremity of the Dead Sea, and from this point, 180 miles westward to the junction of the river El-Arish with the Mediterranean. This outline gives, in round numbers, 200 miles from north to south, and ninety of average breadth from east to west. This is the small field, considerably less in extent than Scotland, to which numerous sacred associations give an absorbing interest." After such a consideration of its limited extent, the question naturally arises—"Could the land sustain its former dense population?" To this Mr. Ritchie replies in the affirmative. "A luxuriant fertility," he says, "is ready to reward every occupant of the land; and, whatever the country was when warmed by the genial glow of prosperity, it is now, by the oppression and violence of man, almost a desert waste. The wonder is, not that Palestine is so desolate, but that she should have outlived her time of retribution, and still manifest unequivocal symptoms of her pristine luxuriance. We must judge of her former produce by her inherent capability, and not by her present barrenness, which, were the hand of industry withdrawn, would soon curse our own best-cultivated fields." Did space allow, we would gladly quote some of the author's descriptions of scenery and sites, especially that of Jerusalem itself, which is full of interest; but we cannot now do more than commend the work generally to all such as wish to become better acquainted with the present condition of the Holy Land and its inhabitants.

## MEDICINE.

*Essays on State Medicine.* By HENRY WYLDBORE RUMSEY. London: Churchills. 1856. 8vo. pp. 524.

THE volume before us is unique of its class; its subject matter of the utmost importance; its author well known as a successful practitioner in Cheltenham, and the writer of a work, not sufficiently appreciated, entitled "Health and Sickness of Town Populations." For the first time an attempt is made in earnest, and, we may add, with considerable ability, to bring together into a sanitary code the *disjecta membra* of all those various investigations which Parliament has sanctioned and the Government has promoted, tending to establish an intimate connection between the state and the medical profession. Mr. Rumsey has not quite succeeded in composing the "Pandects" of state medicine, for he is more of a desultory collector of facts and inferences than a lawgiver. But he has gone a great way in enabling future legislators and statesmen to build up a regular system of medical polity and police, than which none is more necessary for the well-being of the people.

The volume contains six essays, subdivided into chapters, except the second essay, which consist of one chapter only. The first essay is introductory, and presents us with an outline of a sanitary code. In the second essay we have the *vezata questio* of education in the healing and health-preserving arts, inclusive of "Medical Reform"—that thorn in the side of ten successive Secretaries of the Home Department. "Sanitary Inquiry" forms the subject of the third essay. The "Medical Care of the Poor" is treated of in the fourth essay, divided into two parts, the one historical, the other administrative; with many consecutive remarks on

the older as well as the recent poor laws and provisions for the medical aid of the sick poor.

"Local Sanitary Administration" is treated of in the fifth essay; whilst in the sixth or last essay we find a seriatim enumeration of "certain departments of health police in their relations with local administration."

The subdivisions of this essay, by far the most important, offer a vast field of information, equally available to the professional man and the layman: "The Registration of Births and Deaths, with some useful hints for its improvement;" the question of medical coroners and medical evidence in forensic inquiries; the consideration of the adulteration of food, drinks, and medical drugs; the subject of vaccination; the propriety of organising a civic medico-sanitary service; and, finally, many suggestions respecting what the author calls "circuit inspection," implying the visitation of medical charities, hospitals, lunatic houses, and public asylums by medical inspectors and magistrates. These and many such important points are treated of and lucidly handled by Mr. Rumsey, to whom great praise is due for industry, good sense, and the absence of all dogmatism in his recommendations.

As a fair specimen of the author's style and judgment we will subjoin to this imperfect analysis of his valuable work his remarks respecting that extravagant exaltation of the object of their exertions, by which the *Sanitarians* have been high shipwrecking on the rock of Humbug.

An unserved publication of local facts and circumstances would serve in time to dispel an unphilosophical notion which the recent current of sanitary reform has led many benevolent persons to adopt, namely, that FILTH, in some form or other, aerial, fluid, or solid, is the sole cause of preventable disease; and that public cleansing and the care of public health are convertible terms. Far be it from me to discourage by a single word, if that were possible, the very reasonable and obviously necessary efforts which are now being made in many towns, and with much apparent benefit, to insure the removal and abolition of whatever is offensive or incommensurate to persons of civilised habits—whatever is incompatible with the social comfort, intellectual progress, and moral welfare of the people. Eccentricity is the mildest term one can apply to those who deny or doubt that all such reforms are truly "sanitary." But the best cause often suffers from the heat and prejudice of its advocates; and in this great question of the day it must be confessed that some promoters of the Public Health Act have laid themselves open to the imputation of having either denied or underrated the influence of all causes of sickness and premature mortality, except those which they were so resolutely and (it must be owned) so laudably bent on removing. Fully admitting that it was satisfactorily ascertained, by reports of self-sacrificing medical inquirers, that in certain towns and neighbourhoods excessive rate of mortality and a greater prevalence of epidemic disease co-existed with a remarkable degree of social degradation, with grievous neglect and mismanagement in civic and domestic arrangements for cleansing, ventilation, drainage, and water supply, and with gross abuse in mortuary interments—admitting all this, the philosophical inquirer may nevertheless hesitate to join in the loud *eureka*s with which these discoveries were announced. Still less could he agree with those who boldly scoffed at the notion of other less obvious, but not less real, predisposing and exciting causes of preventable disease.

We have endeavoured to show by the full programme of Mr. Rumsey's labours what he defines as *state medicine*. Such a programme would have told better had it been more simplified by a distinct division of the general subject into its two natural branches, which, moreover, should have been kept distinct—we mean *legal medicine* in the first place, and *medical police* or public hygiene in the second. In the former, medical science is applied to all cases of civil and criminal investigations in which important circumstances occur that could not be explained, cleared up, or accounted for, without the aid of such medical science. In the latter, a similar application of medical science is made to the numerous agents which in our present condition of society exert an influence on the health and preservation of the human species. The two branches constitute what we should call *political medicine*.

It is, in the first place, essential to the existence and efficiency of such political medicine that there should be a competent number of well-qualified medical inspectors, capable of replying in a satisfactory manner to all the questions which the court of laws or other public authorities should put to them. In order, therefore, to establish a *state or political medicine* in a nation, we should, first of all, devise the means of crea-

ting a medical staff chargeable with the management of all medico-judiciary questions. Once those means found, we should trace the line of conduct which such a staff and the judicial officers with whom they are to co-operate ought to follow, whether in the investigation of truth, the discrimination of facts, the discovery of frauds, the detection of crimes, or the mere regulation of sanitary measures, the suggestion of health-preserving schemes, and the improvement of the physical well-being of the people. Need we add that to carry out such a system of political medicine with effect, a Council of Health consisting of veteran practitioners, and not of Secretaries of State, Lords, and unpaid amateurs, is the principal desideratum?

## SCIENCE.

*Ocean Gardens: the History of the Marine Aquarium, and the best Methods now adopted for its Establishment and Preservation.* By H. NOEL HUMPHREYS. London: Sampson Low and Co. 1857.

THE aquarium is now the fashionable mania of the day; and it is as necessary for a young lady of taste to be "well up" in polyps and zoophytes as to know the best operas by heart, or to be deeply versed in Alfred Tennyson. From the daughter of Belgravia, who can afford her expensive aquarium, rich with all the marine delicacies of the season, down to Miss Smith, or Jones, of Margate, whose pocket-money will not take her beyond an old pickle-jar containing a prawn or so, every fair damsel must now be prying, with feminine curiosity, into the secret proceedings of the oceanic world. We must confess that we are not very sanguine about any great benefit to science to accrue from all this. It is a mania, like any other; and all that can be said of it is that it is certainly more sensible than many of them, is infinitely more rational than *potichomanie*, or glass bead-work. It will last for a season or so; for a brief space our pretty idlers will babble of *Actinia mesembrianthemum* and *Palmipes membranaceus*, and will quote "that charming Mr. Kingsley, who wrote, you know, that sweet book 'Glaucus';" or "that clever creature Mr. Gosse;" there will be an infinity of money spent, and a great many slops made; papa will scold a little when he has to pay for "all that nasty rubbish" (for so the indignant and unscientific paterfamilias will designate the "flowers of the sea"); mama will bend her awful brows when she finds that the cat has upset the aquarium, and that the salt water and the jelly-fish are flooding her beautiful new Axminster; by-and-by Mademoiselle herself will grow tired of her gelatinous favourites, and will discard them in favour of a mustachioed lover or a tortoiseshell tom. Presently, too, some new whim will occupy the world of fashion, and then Good-bye, aquarium; good-bye, Mr. Kingsley; return to your sea-caves, ye coy and delicate beauties of the ocean!

But, nevertheless, while the fit is on, this is a very good hobby to ride upon; and one result is that a great number of very pretty books are being got up about the subject, not the least beautiful of which is Mr. Humphrey's "Ocean Flowers," now before us. The coloured prints, with which the volume is plentifully illustrated, are exceedingly well executed; and it may be that those who possess such a book will value it even after the pursuit to which it relates is discarded.

*Practical Mechanics.* By JAMES MURRAY. London: Houlston and Stoneman.

*Chemistry of Food and Diet.* By E. BRONNER, M.D., and JOHN SCOFFERS, M.B. London: Houlston and Stoneman.

Two treatises forming part of "Orr's Circle of the Sciences"—the cheapest and best series of scientific works that has been published, and more profitable to the public than we fear they have proved to the enterprising publishers. The "Essay on Practical Mechanics" is popularly written, and illustrated with a multitude of woodcuts. The "Chemistry of Food" describes the constituents of the various materials that constitute our diet, with the adulterations commonly practised upon them, introducing them with the physiology of digestion, and concluding with a treatise on diet abounding in practical hints. This volume should be read by everybody, young and old. It is intelligible to all; and all will obtain from it knowledge that will aid them in the pursuit of health—or that which is still more important, the preservation of it when they have got it.

## EDUCATION.

*A Catechism of English Grammar, on an entirely New and Improved Principle.* By T. MOODY. London: Judd and Glass. 1856.

WHAT may be the "entirely new and improved principle" upon which this book claims to be constructed we have been unable, after a diligent investigation, to discover. It seems to us, on the other hand, that the compiler is nervously fearful of venturing out of the time-worn ruts of his predecessors. He evinces, however, a tolerably competent acquaintance with his subject, although his method of treating it is by no means remarkable either for philosophical arrangement or for any noticeable merits of execution.

As the title of the book implies, the plan adopted is that of question and answer. This method may be made to produce admirable results if the pupil is led to discover and supply his own deficiencies, and made to construct for himself the necessary rules by means of a judiciously-contrived string of Pestalozzian questions. But a mere catechism, where the questions, instead of being made suggestive stimulants to thought, are only cues to facilitate the parrot-like repetition of the answers—a catechism of this kind, we say, is merely an antiquated device for saving both the teacher and his pupil the trouble of using their understandings. That Mr. Moody's book is constructed on this mechanical method will be seen from the subjoined specimens of his questions. "What other variation is worthy of notice?" "What is another peculiarity?" "When a person can distinguish one gender from another, what is the next step to be taken?" "Will the possessive admit of any further observations?"

The definitions are too often carelessly worded, and are sometimes logically incorrect. The examples and illustrations are, however, numerous, well chosen, and apposite; and at the end of the book is placed a collection of easy exercises, which is likely to be useful.

*The Pupil Teacher's Historical Geography.* By A. BOARDMAN, C.M. London: Philip and Son. 1856.

WE are glad to welcome a new and revised edition of this useful little book. It now contains a tolerably complete list of places mentioned in English history, together with short notices of the chief historical events which have occurred at each. A few blemishes and inaccuracies, however, still remain, and detract to some extent from its value as a school-book. Thus a somewhat inordinate space is allotted to the legends of the prehistorical period. The mythical Hengist and Horsa have a local habitation and a date assigned them, and innumerable skirmishes with marauding Vikings are localised and chronicled with the most unhesitating and enviable confidence. To come down to later times, a somewhat undue prominence is also given to the visits to sundry towns of "the Queen, Prince Albert, and several members of the Royal Family." Without any want of loyalty, we think that in these railway times such events are hardly of sufficient historical significance to claim to be recorded side by side with the battles of Hastings, Naseby, or Waterloo.

*Gleig's School Series. Domestic Economy.* London: Longman and Co. 1856.

THANKS to Lord Ashburton's speeches and Miss Burdett Coutts's prizes, people are at last beginning to admit that "Common Things" form a branch of education as important as all or any of the "ologies." The little book before us, though appearing in Mr. Gleig's excellent "School Series," is not intended for a school class-book, but is adapted to the use of young housekeepers of the artisan or the labouring class. It contains plain and sensible remarks on the importance of character, on marriage, on choosing and furnishing a cottage, on keeping accounts, and on the various descriptions of household work. Then follows an excellent collection of practical recipes for plain cookery; and the book concludes with some observations on the care of young children, along with a few medical directions and hints on emergencies.

*The Shilling Latin Grammar.* By EDWARD WALFORD, M.A. London: Longman and Co. 1856.

THIS is an attempt to compile, on the Charter-house model, a Latin grammar yet more simple than any that has hitherto appeared. It is evidently the work of a man of competent scholarship as well as of practical experience in tuition. Mr. Walford hopes his book "will be found of use among our artisans and mechanics." In the hands of a good teacher it would, we think, be found well adapted to the use of adult classes; but it is too concise and categorical in style to be at all suited for self-instruction. Mr. Walford has introduced a more rational and consistent nomenclature of tenses than that which is in ordinary use; but we fear that the old names are too firmly established by prescription to yield to the claims either of grammatical congruity or even of scholastic convenience.



## VOYAGES AND TRAVELS.

*Tracings of Iceland and the Farøe Islands.* By ROBERT CHAMBERS. London and Edinburgh: W. and R. Chambers.

ALTHOUGH Iceland and the Farøe Islands contain much that is curious and interesting not only to the geologist but to the ordinary tourist, and although those islands are not very remote from our shores, the visits which travellers venture to pay them have hitherto been few and far between. When we remember that the trade between Iceland and this country is necessarily very small, and that the only direct communication by post-steamers is *via* Denmark, and, also, that the navigation is too dangerous to render yachting visits advisable, we cannot wonder very much that such is the case; and yet, with a curiosity piqued by what we know of the volcanic wonders of that land of snow, its geysers, and sulphur-springs, we would willingly have better information respecting these matters than has yet been within our reach. For these reasons, the little volume now published by Mr. Robert Chambers is very welcome to us. Joining a party of adventurous fellow-citizens, Mr. Chambers left Edinburgh in June 1855 for the purpose of embarking in a Danish war-steamer, which was to touch at Leith on its way to Iceland. The voyage seems to have been in every respect an agreeable one, and Mr. Chambers speaks in the highest terms of the accommodation afforded to himself and his fellow-passengers, and of the attention which they received from the officers of the King of Denmark.

The kindness and attention shown to us in all possible ways by the officers went far beyond our expectations. While perfectly well-bred, they seemed to us less stiff than English officers are generally inclined to be. Both as to bed and board, they gave us every preference over themselves that politeness could suggest. Indeed, I feel almost ashamed of their extreme good-nature, even while grateful for it.

On the fourth day after leaving Leith the *Thor*, with Mr. Robert Chambers on board, anchored off Thorshavn, the capital of Nalsø, the principal island of the Farøe group. The picture given of this metropolis of fishermen is not very attractive:—

There was no harbour or quay, nothing more than a small wooden landing-place for the fishing-boats, which seemed the only craft connected with the town. We found ourselves amidst black rocks covered with split fish and drying-nets, under gaze of a crowd of all ages and sexes, who evidently gave full return for the compliment of our wonder. . . . The men were in general fair-complexioned, middle-sized, robust figures, clad in loose frieze-jackets, coarse blue cloth trousers coming only below the knee, grey woollen stockings, and lamb-skin slippers or brogues; and boys of five years old had a miniature of precisely the same dress. Behold us, then, stepping over the rocks, amidst ancient and fishlike smells, in amongst this curiously gazing multitude, and trying to find a way into their mazy little town. Nothing like a street exists in Thorshavn; not even a lane. The houses are scattered at random amongst the rocks, with merely spaces surrounding them; and it is amongst these spaces, generally narrow, over smooth-faced rocks, and amidst boulders half put aside, that you have to seek a passage from one place to another. Round nearly every house is a black and fetid sewer. There is generally a substructure of coarse masonry, over which is a fabric of wood. Most of them are small and stifling, and full of the rudest accommodations; and the women and children who peep from the doors are most unlovesome to look upon. We heard a strange grinding noise in passing a house, and, looking in, found a girl busy with a *quern* or handmill—the primitive engine for preparing meal which is alluded to in the Bible, and is now shown in antiquarian museums of our country as a thing of past ages, but which still flourishes in living use in this outlandish part of the earth. Here and there was an appearance of a small shop; and in front of one or two houses an attempt had been made to render a plot of ground into a sort of garden. The rudeness and simplicity of all outward forms and appearances was a surprise to every one of us. It was rudeness, however, unaccompanied by anything like want or suffering.

One baker is sufficient to supply the whole of this primitive city, and even from him no wheaten bread could be obtained. Amongst other primitive practices, the Farøese do not shear their sheep, but *pluck* them. Mr. Chambers happened to witness the operation, and says of it:—"For anything I could see, the Farøese sheep may part with their wool in this manner without any suffering; but it is not so easy to understand why they should be allowed to go about till a large part of their fleeces must be lost." The *Thor* remained two days off the Farøe islands for the

purpose of coaling, and then resumed its voyage towards Iceland. Soon they arrived before Reikiavik, the capital of Iceland, a city containing the enormous population of 800 inhabitants, and being the place of residence for the Governor of Iceland, a dignitary who receives the magnificent salary of 400*l.* a year. Directly they arrived there preparations were made for the visit to the Geysers, the great event of the voyage. The journey thither was performed on horseback, and what with the distance and the badness of the roads, it takes two days in the performance. At length, however, towards the close of the second day, they came within sight of the far-famed Geysers.

Crossing the flooded meadow-ground, and passing a farmhouse on the hill-face, we came about ten o'clock to the field which contains these wonderful springs. It was still clear daylight. The ground seemed like a place where some work is going on that calls for extensive boilings of caldrons. Were 5000 washerwomen to work in the open air together, the general effect at a little distance might be somewhat similar. Turning the corner of a turf-inclosure, I beheld a rill of hot water passing along a white crusted channel. Presently, I observed beside this stream a little hole among the stones, with hot water plop-popping in it, exactly as in a kettle. My beast did not like it, and for some time refused to proceed. Going on, I found more holes of the same kind; then larger apertures, from which only steam was coming. Then joining my companions, now dismounted, I found myself in the midst of the Geysers. A strange scene it was—the multitude of horses, men, and baggage, in the midst of a multitude of earthen boiling kettles. There is the tent pitching on the green—there is the Great Geyser, perched on its mount of incrustations.

Next morning Mr. Chambers made a minute examination of these wonderful phenomena:

About 140 yards from the Great Geyser is the Great Strokr, a term which in Icelandic signifies a churn. We have here a kind of well, under 9 feet diameter, and said to be 87 feet deep, of irregular form, and coated with the usual silicious incrustations, with an approach to a basin-form at the top. Looking into it, we find that, about a dozen feet down, the aperture contracts, and boiling water labours at that point with a continual choking noise, as if with difficulty restrained from bursting out. The guides collected a barrowful of turf, and threw it into this aperture, for the purpose of inducing a demonstration. Accordingly, in ten minutes, violent jets of water began to burst forth, at the rate of about three in a minute, and rising to a height of from 70 to 100 feet, so that the water had scarcely fallen back to the ground in one instance till a new burst succeeded; and this went on for about ten minutes, without showing any symptom of declining till near the very end. Except for the dirtiness of the water, this was a most magnificent spectacle. The jet, it may be remarked, does not rise in a continuous and united stream, as it has been represented to do in prints, but in a multitude of small jets, ascending to different heights, and darting at once upwards and outwards, like the stars projected from a certain kind of firework.

Next morning he was fortunate enough to behold a spontaneous eruption—a pleasant surprise, after making up his mind to return without beholding this crowning marvel:

At six, I once more rose, and went up to the field of the Geysers, contemplating nothing but to make a few preparations for our journey. As I approached, behold an immense quantity of steam fills the air! There are hurried cries from one or two persons. To my delighted surprise, the Great Geyser is actually engaged in one of its eruptions! I got to the spot just in time to see it at the height of the paroxysm. The prominent object before me—the ground of the spectacle, as an artist might call it—was the vast effusion of steam covering the place, and rolling away under a varying wind. It was only on coming pretty near, and getting to windward, that I caught the sight of a multitude of jets of water darting in outward curves, as from a centre, through amidst this steam-cloud, glittering in the sunshine for a moment, and then falling in heavy plash all over the incrustated mount. It seemed to me—though the circumstances are certainly not favourable for an accurate estimate—that these jets rose about sixty or seventy feet above the basin. Three or four of our party looked on excitedly from a little distance beyond the reach of the water, but half concealed amidst the steam. It went on jetting thus at brief intervals for a few minutes, and then gradually ceased. When I could venture up to the brim of the basin, I found the water sunk down a few feet in the funnel; so I was able to descend into that beautiful chased and flowery chalice, and break off a few specimens of its inner lining, now partially dry by reason of the heat communicated from below.

After this nothing remained to be done but to return to Reikiavik, re-embark on board the *Thor*, and so homeward to the "gude town" once more. With the true instinct of a publisher (and

a man of letters too, for that matter), Mr. Robert Chambers did not leave Iceland without making some observations upon the literary capabilities of its inhabitants:

The zealous cultivation of literature in Iceland during the last six centuries, and its remarkable productions, the sagas and eddas—histories and romantic poems—have excited the interest of all visitors. I am free to own that I can form no image of literary life more touching, or more calculated to call forth respect and veneration, than that of such a man as the Icelandic priest Thorlakson, who produced a beautiful translation of "Paradise Lost," and many original works of distinguished merit, in the small inner room of a mere cottage which formed his parsonage, while his family concerns were going on in an equally small outer apartment, and his entire annual income did not exceed what is often given in England for the writing of an article in a magazine. Inquiry regarding the present state of literature in Iceland was a matter of course. So far as I could learn, the love of letters is still a more vivid passion in Iceland than the circumstances of the country would lead one to expect. I had much pleasure in looking over Mr. Thordarson's printing-office in Reikiavik, where I found two presses of improved construction, and saw in progress an Icelandic translation of the "Odyssey," by Mr. Egilsson, late president of the college, whose son, I was told, is also giving promise of being a good poet. The list of books printed and published by Mr. Thordarson would surprise any one who thinks only of Iceland as a rude country half buried in arctic snows. He is also the publisher of two out of the three native newspapers produced in Iceland—the *Ingolfur* and *Thiodolfur*. An Iceland newspaper, I may remark, is a small quarto sheet, like the English newspapers of the seventeenth century, produced at irregular intervals, and sometimes consisting of two, sometimes of four, leaves, according as the abundance of intelligence may determine. In a country where there are no roads and no posts, that there should be newspapers of any kind is gratifying. I regret, however, to say that they are described as of a violent malcontent complexion.

In conclusion, we beg to thank Mr. Chambers for this instructive and well-written sketch of his very profitably-spent holiday. Long may he flourish to visit many more such remote spots, and to write many more such pleasant diaries on his return. One advantage he certainly has which many travellers do not possess—he has never far to go to find a publisher.

*Recollections of a Visit to Port Phillip, in 1852—55.* By WILLIAM WILSON DOBREE. (Hall and Co.)—A small volume of 100 pages, closely printed, containing a very graphic account of a visit to Port Phillip. Readers contemplating emigration would do well to consult it. At this busy season we have not space to do more than announce its appearance.

## FICTION.

## THE NEW NOVELS.

*The Old Monastery.* By the Author of "Clara." From the original, by Lady WALLACE. 2 vols. London: Bentley.

*Isabel; the Young Wife and the Old Love.* By JOHN CORDY JEFFERSON, Author of "Crewe Rise," &c. 2 vols. London: Hurst and Blackett.

*The Good Old Times: a Tale of Auvergne.* By the Author of "Mary Powell." London: Hall and Virtue.

*Florence Templar: a Tale.* London: Smith and Elder.

*Jessie Cameron: a Highland Story.* By the Lady RACHEL BUTLER. Edinburgh: Blackwood and Sons.

*Edith Frankheart; or, the Baronet's Daughter.* By Captain CURLING. 3 vols. London: Saunders and Otley.

*Frivrin: a Novel.* By OCTAVIA OLIPHANT. 2 vols. London: Hope and Co.

*Ivors.* By the author of "Amy Herbert." 2 vols. London: Longman and Co.

*Paul Fane; or, Parts of a Life else untold.* By N. PARKER WILLIS. New York: Scribner. London: S. Low.

THE scene of *The Old Monastery* is laid in Germany, and we think that we recognise the ancient town which was in the eye of the author when drawing the singularly faithful studies of German life and character with which these pages are filled. It is quite as complete a picture of a state of society strange to us now, but not unlike that of our grandfathers, as was that of Brussels by Miss Bronte, and without the minuteness which made "Villette" so tedious, though so clever. Reading *The Old*

*Monastery* is like living in a country town for a few years: you make acquaintance with everybody, at least with their affairs; learn to feel an interest in the most trifling matters, that do not concern you; come to share its prejudices, and contract your mind to the sphere in which you live. Still you have sympathies with a much larger circle than in a city, where the walls of your house are the usual boundary of your social regards: and there is at least a development of character altogether unknown in metropolitan life. *The Old Monastery* is not merely a drama enacted by Germans on a German stage; it introduces us to German thoughts and feelings, and many grotesque features of a society in which a tailor, a manager of a theatre, and a learned doctor, play the principal parts. Moreover, it is written in the German manner, and might almost have passed for a translation from that language, if, indeed, that is not the meaning of the mystical announcement on the title-page, that it is "from the original." But, whether the original be German or English, it is certainly a very pleasant novel, and having a delightful freshness after the worn-out repetitions of plot, character, and dialogue, of which the greater portion of our English fictions are composed.

The characteristic of *Isabel* is smartness. Mr. Jeaffreson affects to write with an air, as a fast man talks; and it must be admitted that such a style, however obnoxious to the code of criticism, is vastly more agreeable than the dull correctness of so many of his contemporaries. At all events, it does not weary. His plot wants novelty and ingenuity; his narrative is lively, his dialogues are brisk, and his descriptions brief.

Country life is Mr. Jeaffreson's forte; and we presume it is that with which he is most familiar. If so, he is right to confine himself as much as possible to the society and the scenery he is personally acquainted with, instead of attempting, like too many others, to depict that which he knows only by report. He has laid the scene of *Isabel* in a country place. His heroine is Isabel Potter, who has contracted a sort of engagement to a rather silly cousin, Mr. Hugh Falcon, whom she jilts for the purpose of marrying a wealthy old widower, the Rev. Mr. Dillingborough. Out of this position, the old love still lingering and conflicting with the duties of the young wife, the complications of the plot proceed: the evil genius, deemed necessary to all novels, being in this no less a personage than Captain Dillingborough, who tries all possible arts to bring about her destruction, by tempting her to fall. In this he is thwarted by the good genius in the person of Miss Nugent, who turns out to be a deserted victim of the villainous Captain, ruined by a pretended marriage. The unravelling of the plot must be left to the reader. *Isabel* is a decided advance on "Crewe Rise."

The Author of "Mary Powell" continues to send forth a stream of fictions cast in the same mould. That the public taste relishes them and is not yet surfeited excites the surprise of the critics, but is the fact that will most interest the author and the publishers. It is not enough to show that, according to critical rule, the affectation of an antique costume or language, without a corresponding antiquity of thought, is an error, and ought not to be approved, if, in spite of the critics, people read and applaud, as they have a right to do; and, if readers are pleased and the author is content, and the critic has done his duty by protesting, there is an end. *The Good Old Times* is a tale of the Huguenot persecution in Auvergne. It exhibits considerable knowledge of the country and of the times, the author having, we should suppose, visited the former and well "read up" for the latter. The incidents are evidently contrived for the express purpose of introducing those descriptions in which the authoress excels—pictures of pageants, ceremonies religious, political, and social, and great groupings of people, made picturesque by the costume and insignia in which our ancestors excelled. Although a tale of martyrdom, there is not the bitter polemical spirit in these pages which too often disfigures fictions founded on the quarrels of rival sects—and that is a great merit.

*Florence Templar* is not properly a novel, which is, or should be, like a drama, the development of a plot, with a beginning, middle, and end, connected, interwoven, and conducting one to the other by the threads which the art of the writer should prevent us from seeing in their relationship until he comes to gather them together and bring them again into one coil; it is little more,

in fact, than a collection of scenes, linked by the very slightest tie, each complete in itself, and enduring to be severed from the rest. Florence is a beauty, loving and loved by Mr. Graham. Just as he is about to "pop the question" she is seized with the smallpox, her beauty is destroyed, Mr. Graham deserts her, and she dies of a broken heart. Yet out of this flimsy shadow of a plot a delightful book has been made by the introduction of many characters, all of them drawn with singular fidelity—real flesh-and-blood beings, who command our sympathies and excite a personal interest. The place in which this scene is laid, and every person in it, are drawn with miniature accuracy, reminding us of Miss Austin's best novels. We hope soon to meet the author in a formal novel of the orthodox size. We shall be surprised if it do not prove to be a great success.

Lady Rachel Butler's *Jessie Cameron* is a Highland tale of peasant life, describing a Highland village and its inhabitants, the Camerons, seemingly suggested by Burns's descriptions of his own family and "The Cotter's Saturday Night." Mrs. Cameron has the simple but dignified piety that is said to be the characteristic of her class, with its prejudices too. *Jessie*, the heroine, is a high-minded, high-principled girl, affectionate but self-respecting, full of feeling, but with pride to control it. *Jessie* is deserted by her lover, who brings home a wife, to whom she is unwearied in her kindness. Another source of sorrow to the family is the falling away of Donald, who is tempted, while yet young, to become a poacher, and flies to avoid the consequences of an attack upon a gamekeeper. The story is beautifully written, abounds in wholesome sentiment without cant, and teaches a moral which boys should take to heart. It is a capital book for Christmas reading.

Captain Curling is not a very refined writer, but he is a very amusing one. His novels cannot be accused of dullness, whatever other faults fastidious critics may find in them—and undoubtedly they are not few. He seems to forget that he is going into print, where every word will be scanned; and so he sets down upon his paper whatever comes first into his mind, as if he was telling a good story at the mess-table. Hence an exuberance of good spirits in his pages, but unrestrained; and, as they are apt to be when indulged, they sometimes carry him beyond the bounds of propriety—we do not mean decorum, but the rules of authorship. *Edith Frankheart*, like its predecessors, is a brisk, slashing, lively story, which never drags and never tires the reader. The plot wants ingenuity, and the characters are all of them old familiar faces; there is not an original thought in all the three volumes; and yet, because they are so pleasantly written, these grave defects are forgiven, and the reader will find more pleasure in them than in the perusal of many novels having better claims to critical approval.

*Erivian* is announced as a second edition. It therefore calls for no notice now beyond mention of the fact, which is remarkable; and we must confess that we can find no reason for it in the work itself.

*Ivors* is a novel in the heterodox form of two small volumes, very delicately bound, to ornament the drawing-room table. It is the third production of a lady who made a very successful first appearance in the world of literature some three years ago. *Ivors* fulfils the promise then given. It shows a steady progress in the art of fiction. It is altogether a higher effort, in plot, in conception and development of character, and in composition. Much of the writing is indeed considerably above the average of fictions. Moreover, it is a very wholesome work in its general tone, as well as in its particular sentiments. It emanates from a pure and lofty mind, which is infused into every part of it. As a work of art it is entitled to much commendation, and the progress already made promises much for future excellence in still larger enterprises. We have seen no fiction of the present season which could be more safely—nay, advantageously, placed in the hands of youth of both sexes.

Mr. N. P. Willis sends to us from America a tale written in his own peculiar style. It is marked by the affectation that has grown with his years; his earlier works, contrary to the general rule, being much more free from it than his later ones. Most writers begin with a plentiful stock of conceit, especially if they are very young; and that diminishes with every new discovery they make that the world has something else to think of and

talk about besides themselves, and of how wondrously small importance they are in the eyes of others compared with their own measurement of their deserts. Thus, when an author has reached his third or fourth publication, he has usually become a very rational, sober, sensible being. Not so with Mr. Willis. *Paul Fane* is a proof of his failing. It is full of talent of many kinds, some beautiful writing, much true and sweet sentiment, many exquisite descriptions, although most unsubstantial in its portraiture of character; but all these merits are marred by the continual intrusion of the conceit which Mr. Willis has contrived to associate with his name. If this could be forgotten, *Paul Fane* would be a charming book; indeed, it is so clever that we are inclined to forgive the one fault for the sake of the many beauties.

*Russian Popular Tales. Translated from the German Version of Anton Dietrich. With an Introduction by JACOB GRIMM. London: Chapman and Hall.*

A TRANSLATION of a German translation from the Russian. The tales here collected are met with in every part of Russia, and afford amusement to the lower classes of the people in the leisure hours of the winter evenings. They were collected in Moscow, where they are sold in a popular form in the picture shops, illustrated with some such monstrous engravings as the elders among us may remember as adorning the child's books of their youth. One kind is printed with engravings on coarse grey paper, the upper half of the page consisting of an illustration of the chief incidents of the tale, which fill the lower half. These leaves, sometimes consisting of two pieces of paper pasted together, are stitched and printed only on one side; the printing is very indistinct and bad, and there is no punctuation. Yet the tales themselves exhibit a great deal of fancy: many of them have a striking resemblance to the popular tales of the rest of Europe; but others are peculiarly Slavonic, and therefore characteristic of the people. As such, it is a curious and interesting volume, and will teach us more of the Russians than many books of larger pretensions. It is a valuable contribution to the "folk lore" of the library.

*The Sisters of Solvère: a Tale of the Sixteenth Century. By C. S. W. London: Nisbet.*

ANOTHER tale the scene of which is laid in Switzerland, its theme the pomps, ceremonies, influences, principles and practices of Roman Catholicism. It is written with much pictorial power, and the reader cannot but be pleased with the story, however he may object to the theology of it. As our readers well know, we have a very decided objection to stories written for the purpose of religious or political controversy, for they must be unfair, and at best they substitute prejudice for conviction and invective for argument.

*Three per Cent. a Month; or, the Perils of Fast Living. By CHARLES BURDETT. New York: Derby and Co. London: S. Low.*

A NOVEL describing the life of a "fast man" in America. "Fastness" has its own characteristics in the United States; it is not at all like that which bears the designation among ourselves. It is "fastness" added to "go-ahead." How that manifests itself must be sought in the volume, which will amply reward perusal; for it is very cleverly written—full of life and spirits, and has the freshness of new scenes and strange personages, and a novel phase of life and character.

*Ernest Milman: a Tale of Manchester Life. By POWYS ONWYS, Author of "Ralph Deane, &c. London: Hope.*

If this is a true picture of Manchester life, it is certainly not a gratifying one. Yet it looks like truth. The author is manifestly well acquainted with the City of the North—the metropolis of manufactures—and doubtless he has drawn from actual knowledge of the scenes and personages about him. He sketches all classes, from the factory-owner and millionaire to the factory child. There is much good sense in the remarks with which he relieves the narrative; and those who desire to know something of a peculiar phase of English society could not do better than read *Ernest Milman*.

*Julia; or, the Neapolitan Marriage: and other Tales. By MARGARET TUDOR. London: Hope.*

THREE Neapolitan tales, or rather tales the scene of which is laid in Naples. "The Twins" is a story of the cholera in 1847; the second a Neapolitan legend, very romantic; and the third and longest, "The Neapolitan Marriage," is written with the express purpose of amusingly describing the domestic life of a Neapolitan family, and designed to warn the fair countrywomen of the authoress against the folly of forming an union for life with one of that nation. The story tells the sorrows of such a marriage—and verily they are sorrows indeed. We can commend these volumes as profitable as well as pleasant Christmas reading.



*Widows and Widowers*, by Mrs. Thompson, is the latest addition to the "Parlour Library;" but it is scarcely worthy of its company. Why not translations from the best foreign novels, rather than third-rate English ones?

*George Mayford. Adventures of an Emigrant.* By Charles Rowcroft. (Hodgson.)—Another shilling novel descriptive of an emigrant's visit to various parts of the world in search of a colony. In the form of fiction it contains a great deal of useful information.

## POETRY AND THE DRAMA.

*Aurora Leigh.* By ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING. London: Chapman and Hall.

MRS. BROWNING is not a popular writer, nor does her latest work indicate that she is likely to become popular. Read Mrs. Browning's poems once, and you are conscious of floating in a charmed atmosphere; but you cannot particularise the nature of the charm. Read them again, and you become aware that the attention has been excited by the fervour of the poet's ideas, not by a correctness of arrangement. Mrs. Browning is less fanciful than Felicia Hemans, less sweetly lyrical than Eliza Cook, less emotional than L. E. L.; but she surpasses them each and all in the intellectual breadth of her poems. Thus her name is not familiar in our streets; the ballad-singer does not torture her genius, neither is she familiar by cottage firesides; because to understand her poems aright, and especially her latest poem, a certain amount of mental culture is required. She does not in the absence of thought pile up glittering similes merely to catch the eye, and which are as coldly beautiful as ice-spars with the sun shining on their bald tops. Write when and where she may, she will always command intelligent readers. She may be accused of carelessness in the construction of her sentences, and we are not disposed to defend her against the charge of mannerism; but these drawbacks are only occasional. In her grand flights we can overlook incidental failings, knowing, as we do, that the eagle which soars nearest to the sun is no less a royal bird because the tip of his pinion has been soiled in its contact with the earth.

That the highest convictions of life and art have entered into the composition of this new poem, *Aurora Leigh*, there can be no doubt, since every page shows the result rather than the process of thought. The whole poem is wonderfully suggestive; it takes up an ordinary subject of the day, and in a poetical sense—we are not so sure about the philosophical sense—makes it extraordinary. This is clearly not a poem for flippant readers—not a poem that any one, for fashion's sake, may canter through. It is not a fashionable Rotten Row of rhythm, but the bold broad path leading to some magnificent cathedral. In its every page there is a living thought, throbbing like a pulse. Life is always more serious than the fool in his folly believes, and this poem is life intensified. Its obvious pleasure, and that which will make itself first of all felt, is the story, for this is charmingly varied; and although it bristles with conceits and ethical crotchets, yet it speaks a language which is absolutely universal. The love which is purified by wanderings and sufferings comes home at last like a wounded bird to its nest, as did *Aurora* and *Romney Leigh's*. Every man and woman can understand that, though not every reader will be able to divide the natural from the philosophic love, so as to see that beneath the hard crust of the latter Mrs. Browning is developing an important social truth. Scores of individuals who have no taste for statistics or unadorned facts will read this remarkable poem, and thereby better understand the surgings of society, the social volcanoes which struggle in the very centre of English life. First the enjoyment of the story will break upon them with a new rapture like morning; then, as they read more intensely for the story's sake, they will perceive that *Romney* and *Aurora Leigh* are types of distinctive endeavours to elevate the condition of humanity—*Romney* dealing with "statistically packed disorders" in the body, and *Aurora* contending with the diseases of the soul. These converging actions—the two cousins, like their ideas, have been moving in distant orbits—come home at last to reap the knowledge that it is idle, if not wicked, to expect too much from individual effort,

To give up much on each side, then take all.

But the triumph of the poet, of *Aurora*, is

complete when at length *Romney*, in the luxury of requited love, exclaims:

Fewer systems; we who are held and do not hold.  
Less mapping out of masses, to be saved,  
By nations or by sexes. Fourier's void.  
And Comte is dwarfed,—and Cabot puerile.  
Subsists no law of life outside of life;  
No perfect manners, without Christian souls:  
The Christ himself had been no Lawgiver.  
Unless He had given the life, too, with the law.

Late in the season of life, but not too late, these toilers in a noble cause—a cause made only slightly less noble by the impatience and fretfulness of the poet and philanthropist—are brought to see that all work for the regeneration of men is circumscribed by two circles. The first circle is that which is grandest, broadest, and most luminous, and designated "God's love;" the next is termed "the love of wedded souls." There certainly is poetic force, if not human justice, in afflicting *Romney* with blindness in the sequel—made blind by the vulgar wretches whose condition he had employed his generous youth to ameliorate. The situation is pathetic; but it shows clearly the domination of that idea—*Aurora's* idea—which sought to elevate the flesh by the elevation of soul. *Aurora* must gaze for *Romney* now, she must shine out for two, and no less work for both. It will be seen, therefore, that this poem has a design; but whether this design has been developed with philosophic regularity, as it certainly has been unfolded with poetic beauty, is a question that every reader will answer for himself. We have no hesitation in saying that no modern poem has so many passages of brilliant description. If it were worth while to cite any passages unworthy the poem, we should instance the feeble gossip in the church when *Romney* is about, as some respectable persons would say, to make a fool of himself by marrying a seamstress—but then *Romney* is true to his principle of human equality. Our objection to this gossip is not that it is a fabrication and wholly untrue to life, but that it is ill suited to the character and manner of the poem. It cannot be looked upon as that true repose, or artistic declension, so often successfully applied by great poets, just before the situation is strained towards its highest pitch. It is rather like an indignity to the muse, just as if an Arabian steed of high mettle and proud action were compelled to bear the dishonour of panniers. Mrs. Browning's views on art are so elaborated, form in fact so large a feature in this poem, that they would require a long article either to support or refute them; we therefore leave them to the quarterlies, at the same time suggesting that they afford material for a very interesting paper. Our object is rather to give our readers some choice poetic portions of the poem. If we retrace the story, it will be in so brief a manner as to do no injustice to Mrs. Browning by cheating her readers of an anticipated pleasure. Our object is to render the extracts still more interesting by showing them in their natural conjunctions. First, then, this book is an autobiography, written when *Aurora Leigh* was still "what men call young"—when she had not so far left the shores of life as not to hear "the murmur of the outer Infinite." Our first extract will lodge us on the threshold of *Aurora's* career. It is full of wisdom and truth too; and for these so truthful words grim men should be tolerant of nursery "trifles." If any man has the *Dombey* vein, let him read this extract a dozen times; and if he do not then become wiser, there is no hope of his redemption.

I write. My mother was a Florentine,  
Whose rare blue eyes were shut from seeing me  
When scarcely I was four years old; my life,  
A poor spark snatched up from a failing lamp  
Which went out therefore. She was weak and frail;  
She could not bear the joy of giving life—  
The mother's rapture flew her. If her kiss  
Had left a longer weight upon my lips,  
It might have steadied the uneasy breath,  
And reconciled and fraternised my soul  
With the new order. As it was, indeed,  
I felt a mother-want about the world,  
And still went seeking, like a bleating lamb  
Left out at night, in shutting up the fold,—  
As restless as a nest-deserted bird  
Grown chill through something being away, though what  
It knows not. I, *Aurora Leigh*, was born  
To make my father sadder, and myself  
Not overjoyous, truly. Women know  
The way to rear up children (to be just).  
They know a simple, merry, tender knack  
Of tying sashes, fitting baby-shoes,  
And stringing pretty words that make no sense,  
And kissing full sense into empty words;  
Which things are corals to cat life upon.  
Although such trifles: children learn by such,  
Love's holy earnest, in a pretty play,  
And get not over-early solemnised,—  
But seeing, as in a rose-bush, Love's Divine.  
Which burns and hurts not,—not a single bloom,—  
Become aware and unafraid of Love.

Such good do mothers. Fathers love as well  
—Mine did, I know,—but still with heavier brains,  
And wills more consciously responsible,  
And not as wisely, since less foolishly;  
So mothers have God's licence to be missed.

*Aurora* is just thirteen when with a strong struggling heart she stands by a "stone-dead father." The nine years preceding she had lived among the hills, with vocal pines and water, with all that could create poetry in the child. After the father's death there came a stranger, with authority, and took weeping little *Aurora* to England. She was not altogether happy under the guardianship of an aunt—an aunt whose amiability was certainly not increased by being a spinster. *Aurora's* picture of this Christian lady who took to knitting stockings for the poor, is admirable, and a telling daguerreotype.

I think I see my father's sister stand  
Upon the hall-step of her country-house  
To give me welcome. She stood straight and calm,  
Her somewhat narrow forehead braided tight  
As if for taming accidental thoughts  
From possible pulses; brown hair pricked with grey  
By frigid use of life, (she was not old,  
Although my father's elder by a year)  
A nose drawn sharply, yet in delicate lines;  
A close mild mouth, a little soured about  
The ends, through speaking unrequited loves,  
Or peradventure niggardly half-truths;  
Eyes of no colour,—once they might have smiled,  
But never, never have forgot themselves  
In smiling; cheeks, in which was yet a rose  
Of perished summers, like a rose in a book,  
Kept more for ruth than pleasure,—if past bloom,  
Past fading also.

*Romney Leigh*, the cousin, comes upon the scene early, and *Aurora*, too young to know of what material women's hearts are made, hopes to use him as a friend. If our experience goes for aught, it is that friendship between the youthful of opposite sexes is but the bud of which love is the blooming flower. The description of the scene where "cousin *Romney's* chimneys smoked" is surpassingly fine.

First, the lime,  
(I had enough, there, of the lime, be sure,—  
My morning-dream was often hummed away  
By the bees in it.) past the lime, the lawn,  
Which, after sweeping broadly round the house,  
Went trickling through the shrubberies in a stream  
Of tender turf, and wore and lost itself  
Among the acacias, over which you saw  
The irregular line of elms by the deep lane  
Which stopped the grounds and dammed the overflow  
Of arbutus and laurel. Out of sight  
The lane was; sunk so deep, no foreign tramp  
Nor drover of wild ponies out of Wales  
Could guess if lady's hall or tenant's lodge  
Dispensed such odours,—though his stick well-crooked  
Might reach the lowest trail of blossoming briar  
Which dipped upon the wall. Behind the elms,  
And through their tops, you saw the folded hills  
Striped up and down with hedges, (barley oaks  
Projecting from the lines to show themselves)  
Through which my cousin *Romney's* chimneys smoked  
As still as when a silent mouth in frost  
Breathes—showing where the woodlands hid Leigh Hall;  
While, far above, a jut of table-land.  
A promontory without water, stretched,—  
You could not catch it if the days were thick,  
Or took it for a cloud; but, otherwise  
The vigorous sun would catch it up at eve  
And use it for an anvil till he had filled  
The shelves of heaven with burning thunderbolts,  
And proved he need not rest so early,—then,  
When all his setting trouble was resolved  
To a trance of passive glory, you might see  
In apparition on the golden sky  
(Alas, my Giotto's background!) the sheep run  
Along the fine clear outline, small as mice  
That run along a witch's scarlet thread.

The substructure of *Aurora's* character is formed when she discovers a vast store of books in a garret-room—cases of books in her father's name.

Books, books, books!

I had found the secret of a garret-room  
Piled high with cases in my father's name;  
Piled high, packed large,—where, creeping in and out  
Among the giant fossils of my past,  
Like some small nimble mouse between the ribs  
Of a mastodon, I nibbled here and there  
At this or that box, pulling through the gap,  
In beats of terror, haste, victorious joy.  
The first book first. And how I felt it beat  
Under my pillow in the morning's dark,  
An hour before the sun would let me read!  
My books!

Cousin *Romney* is pleased to walk with *Aurora*, and they often read and quarrelled, for they were "scholars upon different tracks." *Romney*, though so young, gazes with serious brow on the world's inequalities, but *Aurora's* poetic nature breaks on his mood like a quivering sunbeam. Surely this is delightful.

But then the thrushes sang,  
And shook my pulses and the elms' new leaves,—  
And then I turned, and held my finger up,  
And bade him mark that, howe'er the world  
Went ill, as he related, certainly  
The thrushes still sang in it.—At which word  
His brow would soften,—and he bore with me  
In melancholy patience, not unkind,  
While, breaking into voluble ecstasy,  
I flattered all the beauteous country round,

As poets use . . . the skies, the clouds, the fields,  
The happy violets hiding from the roads  
The primroses run down to, carrying gold.—  
The tangled hedgerows, where the cows push out  
Impatient horns and tolerant churning mouths  
Twist dripping ash-boughs,—hedgerows all alive  
With birds and gnats and large white butterflies  
Which look as if the May-flower had caught life  
And palpitated forth upon the wind,—  
Hills, vales, woods, netted in a silver mist,  
Farms, granges, doubled up among the hills,  
And cattle grazing in the watered vales,  
And cottage-chimneys smoking from the woods,  
And cottage-gardens smelling everywhere,  
Confused with smell of orchards. "See," I said,  
"And see! is God not with us on the earth?  
And shall we put Him down by aught we do?  
Who says there's nothing for the poor and vile  
Save poverty and wickedness? behold!"  
And ankle-deep in English grass I leaped,  
And clapped my hands, and called all very fair.

We must pass over the social theories propounded at this time by the two companions. Romney has offered to make Aurora his wife; but the offer is warmly repulsed by the observation—

Why, sir, you are married long ago.  
You have a wife already, whom you love—  
Your social theory.

After the death of the very amiable Aunt, Romney parts from his cousin—goes on his mission. Everybody has a "mission" now, and why should not Romney? Romney's mission is "to make earth over again"—a difficult task, no doubt; but if a man will squander his energies it is no business of ours, so that he pays his just share of the income-tax, and does not owe for his newspaper. While Romney is out, endeavouring to rub the rust off the ample shield of society, a certain Lady Waldemar pays Aurora a visit, with the apparent design of patronising the muse. Very considerate of Lady Waldemar! and the example might have gone far to draw down aristocratic smiles on the labours of poor bards, were it not for the disagreeable fact that Lady Waldemar is in love with Romney. But Romney, true to his philanthropic resolve, scorns the high-born lady and determines to wed Marian Erle—a sweet creature, but the daughter of brutalised and brutalising parents. He would conciliate the poor by marrying into their ranks, and shame the rich by giving a personal proof of human equality. Half the interest of the poem hangs on the eventful life of Marian Erle. We watch the fate of this blossom with intense apprehension. Every wind that sends it eddying through the dusty highroads of life has its especial interest. When it is at length stripped—for no fault of its own—of a portion of its beauty; when it—that is, Marian, Erle—quivers with the first sharp knowledge that man's violence, not his seduction, has blighted her, then the poet is developing in that poor forlorn girl those holy feelings which place a mother only a little lower than the angels! But, not to anticipate the course of events, we must show how Marian escaped from her vile parents. This passage, for fervent, forceful description, has scarcely a parallel in the English language.

One day, said Marian,—the sun shone that day—  
Her mother had been badly beat, and felt  
The bruises sore about her wretched soul.  
(That must have been): she came in suddenly,  
And snatching, in a sort of breathless rage,  
Her daughter's headgear comb, let down the hair  
Upon her, like a sudden waterfall,  
And drew her drenched and passive, by the arm,  
Outside the hut they lived in. When the child  
Could clear her blinded face from all that stream  
Of tresses . . . there, a man stood, with beast's eyes,  
That seemed as they would swallow her alive,  
Complete in body and spirit, hair and all,—  
With burning stertorous breath that hurt her cheek,  
He breathed so near. The mother held her tight,  
Saying hard between her teeth—"Why wench, why wench,  
The squire speaks to you now—the squire's too good;  
He means to set you up, and comfort us.  
Be mannerly at least." The child turned round,  
And looked up piteous at the mother's face,  
(Be sure that mother's death-bed will not want  
Another devil to damn, than such a look) . . .  
"Oh, mother!" then, with desperate glance to heaven,  
"God, free me from my mother," she shrieked out,  
"These mothers are too dreadful!" And, with force  
As passionate as fear, she tore her hands  
Like lilies from the rocks, from hers and his,  
And sprang down, bounded headlong down the steep,  
Away from both—away, if possible,  
As far as God,—away! They yelled at her,  
As famished hounds at a hare. She heard them yell,  
She felt her name hiss after her from the hills,  
Like shot from guns. On, on. And now she had cast  
The voices off with the uplands. On. Mad fear  
Was running in her feet and killing the ground;  
The white roads curled as if she burnt them up,  
The green fields melted, wayside trees fell back  
To make room for her. Then, her head grew vexed,  
Trees, fields, turned on her, and ran after her;  
She heard the quick pants of the hills behind,  
Their keen air picked her neck. She had lost her feet,  
Could run no more, yet, somehow, went as fast,—  
The horizon, red 'twixt steeples in the east,

So sucked her forward, forward, while her heart  
Kept swelling, swelling, till it swelled so big  
It seemed to fill her body; then it burst,  
And overflowed the world, and swamped the light,  
"And now I am dead and safe," thought Marian Erle—  
She had dropped, she had fainted.

As white as moonshine, she is found in a ditch  
by a waggoner, and is conveyed to an hospital.  
We fear the next passage is too painfully true;  
only "think of it, dissolute man."

O my God,  
How sick we must be, ere we make men just!  
I think it frets the saints in heaven to see  
How many desolate creatures on the earth  
Have learnt the simple dues of fellowship  
And social comfort, in a hospital,  
As Marian did.

Here she first sees Romney, who, in the sweet  
cause of charity, has visited the wards. Weeks,  
months pass, and then Romney is waiting in a  
church with his fashionable friends in order to  
wed Marian.

Half St. Giles in frieze  
Was bidden to meet St. James in cloth of gold.

There is first among the high-born visitors the  
particularly small gossip to which we have al-  
luded; then impatience, then surprise, and lastly,  
it may be, the proud gratification, that Marian  
does not come. She, poor girl, has been what is  
vulgarily termed "trapped" by Lady Walde-  
mar. She writes a letter to Romney, which de-  
livers him up "to his own prosperities," and in a  
brief space is on her way to Paris under the  
guidance of a "Devil's daughter," being no other  
than one of Lady Waldemar's women. What  
followed we have already hinted at. Subse-  
quently Aurora Leigh, wandering about Paris in  
pursuit of her divine art, accidentally discovers  
the wanderer. But first we must give Aurora's  
description of Paris, because it is pictorial, and  
also because it contains some of those peculiar  
views of art which interlace almost every page  
of the volume:

The city swims in verdure, beautiful  
As Venice on the waters, the sea-swan.  
What bosky gardens, dropped in close-walled courts,  
As plums in ladies' laps, who start and laugh?  
What miles of streets that run on after trees,  
Still carrying the necessary shops,  
Those open caskets, with the jewels seen!  
And trade is art, and art's philosophy.  
In Paris. There's a silk, for instance, there,  
As worth an artist's study for the folds.  
As that bronze opposite: nay, the bronze has faults;  
Art's here too artful,—conscious as a maid,  
Who leans to mark her shadow on the wall  
Until she loses a vantage in her step.  
Yet Art walks forward, and knows where to walk.  
The artists also, are idealists.  
Too absolute for nature, logical  
To austerity in the application of  
The special theory: not a soul content  
To paint a crooked pollard and an ass,  
As the English will, because they find it so,  
And like it somehow.—Ah, the old Tulleries  
Is pulling its high cap down on its eyes,  
Confounded, conscience-stricken, and amazed  
By the apparition of a new fair face  
In those devouring mirrors. Through the grate,  
Within the gardens, what a heap of babes,  
Swept up like leaves beneath the chestnut-trees,  
From every street and alley of the town,  
By the ghosts perhaps, that blow too bleak this way  
A-looking for their heads! Dear pretty babes;  
I'll wish them luck to have their ball-play out  
Before the next change comes.—And, farther on,  
What statues, poised upon their columns fine,  
As if to stand a moment were a feat.  
Against that blue! What squares! what breathing-room  
For a nation that runs fast,—ay, runs against  
The dentist's teeth at the corner, in pale rows,  
Which grin at progress in an epigram.

While Aurora is musing on life and art a face  
flashes by—"God! whose face is that?"

That face persists.  
It floats up, it turns over in my mind,  
As like to Marian, as one dead is like  
The same alive. In very deed a face  
And not a fancy, though it vanished so:  
The small fair face between the darks of hair,  
I used to liken, when I saw her first,  
To a point of moonlit water down a well:  
The low brow, the frank space between the eyes,  
Which always had the brown pathetic look  
Of a dumb creature who had been beaten once,  
And never since was easy with the world.  
Ah, ah—now I remember perfectly  
Those eyes, to-day,—how overlarge they seemed,  
As if some patient passionate despair  
(Like a coal-dropt and forgot on tapestry,  
Which slowly burns a widening circle out)  
Had burnt them larger, larger. And those eyes  
To-day, I do remember, saw me too.  
As I saw them, with conscious lids astrain  
In recognition. Now, a fantasy.  
A simple shade or image of the brain,  
Is merely passive, does not retro-act,  
Is seen, but sees not.

Some little time passes, however, before the two  
friends meet:

A simple chance  
Did all. I could not sleep last night, and, tired  
Of turning on my pillow and harder thoughts,  
Went out at early morning, when the air  
Is delicate with some last starry touch,  
To wander through the Market-place of Flowers

(The prettiest haunt in Paris), and make sure  
At worst, that there were roses in the world.  
So, wandering, musing, with the artist's eye,  
That keeps the shade-side of the thing it loves,  
Half-absent, whole-observing, while the crowd  
Of young vivacious and black-braided heads  
Dipped, quick as finches in a blossomed tree,  
Among the nosegays, cheapening this and that  
In such a cheerful twitter of rapid speech,—  
My heart leapt in me, startled by a voice  
That slowly, faintly, with long breaths that marked  
The interval between the wish and word,  
Inquired in stranger's French, "Would that be much,  
That branch of flowering mountain-gorse?"—"So much?  
Too much for me, then!" turning the face round  
So close upon me, that I felt the sigh  
It turned with.

They go off together, Marian leading the way  
to the miserable room in which she lodged. We  
have heard it stated that Mrs. Browning is not  
intelligible; that she is never certain of her mean-  
ing. The assertion is a stupid libel on her genius  
—for if she does not always, she certainly does  
frequently, speak with a natural and fervid utter-  
ance. The woman and the artist are often so  
exquisitely mingled, as in the passage we are  
about to quote, that we cannot tell which is do-  
minant while both are working at the creation of  
a picture which we do not so much see as feel.  
No one surely can miss the simplicity of the fol-  
lowing; and we pity the man who cannot per-  
ceive its beauty:

Alone? She threw her bonnet off,  
Then sighing as 'twere sighing the last time,  
Approached the bed, and drew a shawl away:  
You could not peel a fruit you fear to bruise  
More calmly and more carefully than so,—  
Nor would you find within, a rosier flushed  
Pomegranate—

There he lay, upon his back,  
The yearling creature, warm and moist with life  
To the bottom of his dimples,—to the ends  
Of the lovely tumbled curls about his face;  
For since he had been covered overmuch  
To keep him from the light glare, both his cheeks  
Were hot and scarlet as the first live rose  
The shepherd's heart-blood ebb'd away into,  
The faster for his love. And love was here  
As instant! in the pretty baby-mouth,  
Shut close as if for dreaming that it sucked;  
The little naked feet drawn up the way  
Of nestled birdlings; everything so soft  
And tender,—to the little holdfast hands,  
Which, closing on a finger into sleep,  
Had kept the mould of it.

While we stood there dumb,—  
For oh, that it should take such innocence  
To prove just guilt, I thought, and stood there dumb;  
The light upon his eyelids pricked them wide,  
And, staring out at us with all their blue,  
As half perplexed between the angelhood  
He had been away to visit in his sleep,  
And our most mortal presence,—gradually  
He saw his mother's face, accepting it  
In change for heaven itself, with such a smile  
As might have well been learnt there,—never moved,  
But smiled on, in a drowse of ecstacy,  
So happy (half with her and half with heaven)  
He could not have the trouble to be stirred,  
But smiled and lay there. Like a rose, I said:  
As red and still indeed as any rose,  
That blows in all the silence of its leaves,  
Content, in blowing, to fulfil its life.

She leaned above him (drinking him as wine)  
In that extremity of love, 'twill pass  
For agony or rapture, seeing that love  
Includes the whole of nature, rounding it  
To love . . . no more,—since more can never be  
Than just love. Self-forgot, cast out of self,  
And drowning in the transport of the sight,  
Her whole pale passionate face, mouth, forehead, eyes,  
One gaze, she stood! then, slowly as she smiled,  
She smiled too, slowly, smiling unaware,  
And drawing from his countenance to hers  
A fainter red, as if she watched a flame  
And stood in it a-glow. "How beautiful,"  
Said she.

Marian relates to Aurora the fearful story of  
the "drugged cup," the after madness and misery,  
the shameful (but not so far as she is con-  
cerned) history which made her a mother. But  
this we must, for want of space, pass over—pass  
it with regret, and regretting still more that the  
world had so few Aurora Leighs to soothe the  
anguish of the unfortunate, and to say as Aurora  
did—

"I am lonely in the world,  
And thou art lonely, and the child is half  
An orphan. Come,—and, henceforth, thou and I  
Being still together, will not miss a friend,  
Nor he a father, since two mothers shall  
Make that up to him. I am journeying south,  
And, in my Tuscan home I'll find a niche,  
And set thee there, my saint, the child and thee,  
And burn the lights of love before thy face,  
And ever at thy sweet look cross myself  
From mixing with the world's prosperities;  
That so, in gravity and holy calm,  
We two may live on toward the truer life."

Having sharpened the reader's appetite, we will  
not follow them into their Tuscan home. We  
will even be more provoking—more torturing if  
you like the term better—and say that the two  
last chapters of the poem, the eighth and ninth,  
where the glorious scenery of their Tuscan home  
is celebrated, is the finest and grandest in the



book. We will merely state that Romney comes there; that he has not married Lady Waldemar; that he weds Aurora; that Marian is happy with her child; and so—"all's well that ends well."

*The Poetical Works of William Shakespeare and the Earl of Surrey: with Memoirs, &c.* By the Rev. GEORGE GILFILLAN. Edinburgh: Nichol.

THIS is a delightful volume, for it is introduced by a powerful and genial essay on Shakspeare as a poet from the eloquent pen of the editor. The poems of Surrey deserve to be better known than they are, for they sparkle with fancy, and in their form and language are extremely graceful. They will be a welcome addition to the handsomest and cheapest series of the British poets which has yet been published.

### CHRISTMAS BOOKS.

*The Use of Sunshine: a Christmas Narrative.* By MEVELLA BUTE SMEDLEY. Second Edition. London: A. Hall and Co.

AN Irish story, so interesting and attractive that, the first edition having been exhausted, a second has been published to form one of the Christmas books, and it is well entitled to a place among them; for young persons will profit by the perusal of it, while the narrative rivets their attention.

*The Heroes of History—Oliver Cromwell.* Edited by the Rev. F. HAWKS, D.D. New York: Dickenson. London: S. Low.

A CHRISTMAS book, sent to us from America. A well-written memoir, by an American, of one of England's greatest men, whom this generation has learned to appreciate, now that they can see him lifted up out of the mists of prejudice which political and religious feuds had thrown around him. It will be an excellent book for school reading, or for a school prize.

*Salt-Water; or, the Sea Life and Adventures of Neil D'Arcy, the Midshipman.* By WM. H. G. KINGSTON, Esq. London: Griffith and Co.

MR. KINGSTON is famous for the skill with which he writes stories of sea-life, and he paints them so graphically that his books are always especial favourites with our boys, who revel in his scenes of adventure, peril, and escape. Christmas would scarcely be itself without a tale from his pen, and *Salt-water* fully supports the popularity won by its predecessors. It is a stirring story, with the only fault that it will make our youngsters mad for the sea.

*Sidney Grey: a Tale of School Life.* By the Author of "Mia and Charley." London: Bogue.

THE story of a school, in which the old practices of making the girl the best has been reversed, and for once a boy has been made the best. This the author tells us in her preface; but how she has contrived to do it must be sought for in her book, which is a charming tale, written with a delightful simplicity, and fraught with wholesome lessons, enunciated by example rather than by formal precept.

### MISCELLANEOUS.

*Poets and Statesmen: their Homes and Haunts in the Neighbourhood of Eton and Windsor.* By WILLIAM DOWLING, Esq. London: G. P. Williams. 1857.

OUT of a promising subject Mr. Dowling has produced a capital book—a book which can boast of the double merit of containing a fund of useful information, and of having a certain artistic value. The neighbourhood of Eton and Windsor is notoriously rich in historical associations. Both from its proximity to the metropolis, its immediate vicinity to the grand old home of English royalty, and its own intrinsic beauties of forest, flood and fell, many of our most celebrated men have taken up their abiding-place within a circle of twenty miles around those well-known spots. It has been Mr. Dowling's aim to assemble all the reminiscences, historical, literary, and otherwise, which refer to that tract of country; and the result lies before us in a volume which will be equally well received in the library and in the drawing-room.

The first name which we come upon in Mr. Dowling's gallery is that of John Milton, who lived for many years in the village of Chalfont St. Giles, Buckinghamshire. The cottage which the poet occupied is still in existence. At Horton, a small village in the neighbourhood of Eton, the author of "Paradise Lost" spent the six years immediately following his departure from Cambridge. The house wherein he lived here is no longer standing; but its site is very well known. It is a melancholy instance of the little store set by the memorials of great men that the very tree

beneath which Milton used to sit has been felled for commercial purposes. It is in Horton church that the mother of John Milton reposes, and her gravestone may now be found in the centre of the chancel. Milton himself died in Bunhill Fields, and his remains lie buried in the central aisle of St. Giles's, Cripplegate.

In Chertsey, beyond Windsor, may be found the house wherein Abraham Cowley lived. Upon the front of that house are inscribed these words—"HERE THE LAST ACCENTS FLOWED FROM COWLEY'S TONGUE." All round the place may be found memorials of the poet, even to the arbour in which he used to sit.

The name of Cooper's Hill, Runnymede, irresistibly reminds us of the cavalier poet Sir John Denham, the elegant and the witty, not to say *un peu grivois*. The mansion of Judge Denham, the father of the poet, was close to Egham, and the beautiful country on that part of the banks of the Thames was familiar to Sir Thomas from his earliest years. There are some almshouses now standing at the foot of Egham Hill which were founded and endowed by Judge Denham himself; and it may be that those simple asylums for poor and aged women will do as much to perpetuate the name as even the son's fine poem of "Cooper's Hill," or the celebrated ballad commencing "All in the land of Essex."

Beaconsfield has a double claim to our attention: in its churchyard Waller lies, and in the church is the tomb of Edmund Burke. The neighbourhood of Eton is full of reminiscences of Pope. At Binfield he lived for many years, and at Twickenham was passed the evening of his life. His house at Twickenham no longer stands, but a wretched bandbox of a villa, built in a sort of Chinese style, occupies its place. Nothing but a corner of the shrubberies and the famous grotto remains to remind us directly of the poet; but so long as the English language lasts the name of Twickenham will always recall the author of "Windsor Forest." Returning once more to Beaconsfield, we search in vain for Gregories, the house which Edmund Burke occupied so long. Nothing but a fragment of the stable-walls can now be found, all the rest having been consumed by fire sixteen years after the great man's death. On the 15th of July 1797 the inhabitants of Beaconsfield beheld Burke borne to his grave, the Speaker of the House of Commons and the Lord Chancellor being among those who supported the pall. On St. Anne's Hill, Chertsey, Charles James Fox lived, and at Dropmore the great Lord Grenville lived and died. These are the principal names which Mr. Dowling has connected with the country lying round Eton and Windsor, and the notes suggested by them, enlivened with appropriate specimens of poetry, and illustrated with some well-executed engravings, make up altogether a very beautiful book.

*Twelve Months with the Bashi-Bazouks.* By EDWARD MONEY. London: Chapman and Hall. 1857.

AS the author of this volume has served for some time as Captain of the Bashi-Bazouks and now holds the position of Lieutenant-Colonel of the Ottoman Army, he has some right to speak authoritatively on the subject upon which he writes. Of all the vexed questions which arose out of the Eastern War, few excited so much feeling, or were argued with so much acrimony, as that which arose respecting the Bashi-Bazouks, their character and value, and the political bearing of their existence as an irregular corps. Colonel Money's evidence, therefore, cannot but be of the greatest importance in determining the value of these Cossacks of Albania, and the frank soldier-like style in which it is communicated certainly renders it all the more valuable. The general bearing of this evidence is decidedly in favour of the Bashi-Bazouks; representing them as a rough but brave body of cavalry, quick in impulse and undaunted in action, requiring nothing but a master-hand to control and direct them.

No one (writes Colonel Money) who has accompanied me through this book can think I have written it with a view to prove the Bashi-Bazouks have been much maligned, or that my object has been to paint them in brighter colours than they deserve. On the contrary, I have exposed all their short-comings, dilated fully on all their misdeeds; and, as by doing so I have concealed nothing which could enlighten the public as to the true character of these men, I consider my opinion will carry some weight with it, when I state that the Bashi-Bazouks

at the time of their disbandment were fast being made good soldiers of, and that they have in them the material to form a highly-efficient and valuable corps.

What means the Colonel took to discipline these rough campaigners may be indicated by the following extract, as well as by a thousand. He had resolved to flog a man for insubordination, and the troop manifested signs of resistance.

I knew well the material I had to deal with, and determined to read them a lesson which would save me much trouble and annoyance hereafter. They were somewhat astonished, therefore, when I said: "After what has passed, I cannot suppose that any of you still think of opposing me, and I am now, therefore, about to flog Rejeb; at the same time, as I think it possible there may be some amongst you who might forget the tacit agreement just entered into, I shall stand over the man while he is flogged, with my pistol; and, so help me God, the first of you who moves forward but one step, or puts his hand to his weapons, I will shoot like a dog. You know this," I said, taking the pistol from Mahomet (who at a sign from me had taken it out of his sash); "it had five charges, and many of you saw the other day how quickly I put the five balls into a melon I fired at; judge then if I shall miss the man who steps forward. Mahomet has the fellow pistol, and knows how to use it; so now let me see who dares dispute my authority!" I cocked my pistol and pointed it at the throng. Mahomet did the same—my interpreter also, for he had brought a small one in his pocket—and I then called over the Yuzbashee, for I knew he would not, from his position, play me false; and their native chief being by my side was so far a security, that the Bashis would not like to fire at me for fear of hitting him. The Yuzbashee sent for two of the stablemen. When they came, I made them throw down the prisoner, and he there and then received at their hands the punishment I had awarded—viz., fifty lashes. I stood over him the whole time, my pistol always pointed at the crowd before me, and jealously watching every movement. Not a man moved forward, not one touched his arms; but they were much excited during its continuance, and looked on with lowering brows. When the punishment was concluded, I directed the doctor to take charge of the prisoner—who, from the severity of the punishment received, required his assistance—and at once passed, with the Yuzbashee, through the throng to his room, where, over a cup of coffee and a chibouque, we discussed the affair.

Discipline like this, firmly and wisely administered, must be the only means of subduing these wild troopers.

It is but fair to add that General Beatson demurs very strongly to Captain Money's testimony; but that is a question which is not brought to an issue by the book before us, and which we must leave to be settled between the gallant general and the no less gallant captain.

*Shadows.* By C. H. BENNETT. London: D. Bogue. 1857.

IF Peter Schlemil, who sold his shadow to a certain person who shall be nameless, had enjoyed the pleasure of Mr. Bennett's acquaintance, that talented gentleman would have made him a new one, probably much better than that which he parted with. We all remember the way in which, when we were children, some waggish friend of the family was wont to beguile the winter evenings by cleverly imitating with the shadow of his hands the rabbit, the hare, the fox, and the pig. Perhaps it was this very game that suggested to Mr. Bennett the idea which he has so happily carried out. At any rate, the notion is very ingenious, and the author, or, more properly speaking, the artist, has used it with effect. What can be more comic than the consequential figure of the cocked-hatted beadle, whose shadow assumes, in the most natural manner possible, the outlines of—an ass? Or what more telling than the attitude of the boozey gentleman, whose shadow upon the wall suggests the figure of a cod-fish? The policeman stooping to reconnoitre that kitchen which is to be the scene of both his amatory and gustatory triumphs projects upon the door the configuration of a cat upon the tiles, without violating either the laws of optics or our sense of propriety; whilst the severe-looking lady who, key in hand, awaits the return of a delinquent and belated husband, presents quite naturally the semblance of an extinguisher. These are some of the best in the collection, out of which also we may specify the coquettish darling, with floating ribbons and kias-me-quick bonnet, whose shadow is—a little duck; the stiff maid-of-all-work, whose figure becomes a gin bottle; and the modern swell, with coat "of formal cut," who looks for all the world like what he is—a pump. One of the best specimens, however, though suggestive of thoughts more solemn than generally intrude themselves into comic works, is the seamstress, whose shadow, as she leans back upon the ribbed back of her chair and stretches her arms, cramped with the wearisome and unprofitable labour

of shirt-making, throws upon the wall the dark and terrible outlines of—a skeleton. This little volume is, we believe, the first separate publication by Mr. Bennett, who is, however, already well known as a draughtsman of great talent. It is an excellent *début*, and proves the possession of power of no ordinary kind.

*The Encyclopædia Britannica, or Dictionary of Arts, Sciences, and General Literature.* Eighth Edition Vol. XII. Edinburgh: A. and C. Black.

THIS volume of the world-renowned Cyclopædia is accompanied by the sixth of the Preliminary Dissertations, which present the histories of the six great divisions of the sciences. Professor J. D. Forbes is the author of this one, On the Progress of Mathematical and Physical Science, which concludes the series. It is divided into seven chapters, treating successively of the progress of physical astronomy and analytical mechanics, astronomy, mechanics of solid and fluid bodies, civil engineering and acoustics, optics, heat, electricity, magnetism, and electro-magnetism. Most of these sciences may be said to have become such within a century, and accordingly the author gives his chief researches to the doings of philosophers since 1775. The publishers offer an apology for some little delay which has occurred in the appearance of the twelfth volume, which waited, as usual, for the contributors. But it was not needed, for the value of the new matter amply compensates for the delay. The contents are: in Biography—Memoirs of Hume by Mr. Rogers; of Hunter and Jenner, by Dr. Laycock; and of Dr. Johnson, by Macaulay. In Geography—Articles on Hungary, by Emeric Szabad; Iceland, by Mr. R. Allan; the Ionian Islands, by Wm. Blair; Ireland, by the Rev. E. Groves and Mr. Senior; Jamaica, by Mr. S. Cave; and Japan and Java, by Mr. J. Craufurd. In Science—Hydrodynamics, by Sir David Brewster; Ichthyology, by Sir John Richardson and Dr. Traill; Iron, by Wm. Fairbairn; Iron Bridges, by Robert Stephenson; Irrigation, by Mr. Caird; and Joinery, by Mr. Tredgold. Of miscellaneous articles, the most important are—Hunting, by Nimrod; Hypatia, by the Rev. C. Kingsley; Life Assurance, by Mr. Thompson; Fire Insurance, by Mr. J. G. Smith; and Marine Insurance, by Mr. J. Warrack; Interest, by Mr. McCulloch; and Jesuitism, by Isaac Taylor. Four large maps, besides other steel engravings, illustrate the volume. No library should be without this invaluable book of reference, the repository of human knowledge as it now exists.

*Notices to Correspondents; consisting of Ten Thousand Editorial Answers to Questions, selected from the best authorities, supplying a fund of information which cannot be obtained from any other source.* London: Houlston and Stoneman. 1857.

WITHOUT stopping to test the somewhat bold assertion that the information contained in this volume "cannot be obtained from any other source," its value as a work of reference must be admitted when it is found to include three thousand and fifty paragraphs, culled from the best editorial answers to correspondents. In this feature of our newspapers the English journalists are undoubtedly superior to their *confères*

in all parts of the world; for their answers to the infinite variety of questions propounded to them by correspondents display an amount of research and an accuracy of statement which is perfectly astonishing. There is no fact, from the height of Queen Victoria to the origin of the Pyramids, upon which they are not ready to pronounce both readily and correctly; and the amount of information thus cheerfully and gratuitously rendered is at the same time a striking proof of the inestimable value of the press and of the extraordinary variety of talent possessed by those who compose its *personnel*. The idea of collecting some of the best answers to correspondents and arranging them in a referable form is a very happy one, and has been well carried out by the compiler of the present volume.

*Select Works of Thomas Chalmers, D.D., LL.D.* Edited by the Rev. Wm. Hanna. Vol. X. Edinburgh: Constable.

WHAT must have been the industry of the man whose select works already fill ten closely-printed volumes, of nearly 800 pages each? How much further they will extend is not yet declared. The present volume contains his famous treatise on "The Christian and Economic Polity of a Nation with Special Reference to Large Towns." Dr. Chalmers was a severe political economist, and he imports into this essay all the principles of his school, and enforces them unflinchingly—proceeding on the assumption that the greatest good to the greatest number is the object of law; the relief of the individual is the duty of private beneficence, whose business it is to temper the working of the law by mitigating the hardships which the few are subjected to for the good of the many.

*Critical Essays contributed to the Eclectic Review.* By JOHN FOSTER. Edited by J. E. RYLAND, M.A. London: Bohn.

LITERATURE, politics, religion, art, history, biography, and science are in turn the subjects of Mr. Foster's criticisms. But they are not equal in merit to the essays on Decision of Character, which made him famous. We doubt if they were worth rescuing from the periodical pages for which they were written. They will disappoint his admirers and not increase his fame. The biographical notices are the best, his analytical mind enabling him to dissect character with uncommon skill. These are models of magazine writing, and will reward perusal now.

*The Novels and Miscellaneous Works of Daniel De Foe.* Vol. VI. London: Bohn.

THIS volume of Mr. Bohn's beautiful edition of De Foe's works, published in the "British Classics," contains "The Life and Adventures of Duncan Campbell," "The New Voyage Round the World," and political tracts relating to the Hanoverian succession. The two fictions are disappointing, with the recollection of Robinson Crusoe; and the tracts have lost their interest. Most persons will be glad to possess De Foe's works, but few will care to read more than half a dozen of them.

*Happy Sundays for the Young and Good.* By a Lady (Darton)—is a collection of stories from the Bible, told in language intelligible to children.

Mr. Singer has published a beautiful edition, in the old round type, of *Lord Bacon's Essays* (Bell and Daldy), revised from early editions, and having a few explanatory notes. It will be a welcome, because instructive, gift-book at this season.

*Orr's Circle of the Industrial Arts* (Part I.) will form an admirable companion to the "Circle of the Sciences," as well as supply a want greatly felt in our literature. Up to the present time we are sadly deficient in works giving information as to our industrial arts. The first part commences a history of "the useful metals and their alloys."

*Autobiography of a Female Slave.* (New York: Redfield. London: Trübner. 1856.)—This is but one more of the anti-slavery tales, full of horror and oppression, of females whipped and even more horribly persecuted. The worst of it is that these books will never convince the slaveholders, and the abolitionists need no convincing. The only effect, therefore, can be to beget unreasonable haste on the one side, and obstinacy on the other.

*Myths Traced to their Primary Source through Language.* By MORGAN KAVANAGH (London: T. C. Newby. 1856.)—In these volumes we have an earnest endeavour, made by a man who evidently possesses no ordinary amount of learning, to trace back the *mythoi*, or fables, with which history abounds, to their origin or pristine source. The philologist will discover in these pages a great deal of information, intermingled with a great deal of speculation, more or less far-fetched.

*The British Almanac and Companion for 1857*, as usual, in addition to the wonted information found in all almanacs, contains valuable original essays on the Decimal Coinage Question, the Postal Systems at Home and Abroad, Arbitration on Trade Disputes, the Material Progress of British India, Metropolitan Communications and Bridges, a Chronicle of the last Session of Parliament, and a full account of the Public Improvements and Buildings completed during this year, with engravings.

## PERIODICALS AND SERIALS.

*The London, Dublin, and Edinburgh Philosophical Magazine and Journal of Science* continues its valuable career. The December number contains a highly interesting paper on Slaty Cleaving and the Distortion of Fossils, an obscure point, but relating to the pressure upon the great masses of rock, and of the compression and expansion undergone in any direction. Mr. Hearder, of Plymouth, explains his new arrangement of the induction coil; and there is a very interesting letter from Professor Schonbein to Faraday on the Oxidation of the Constituents of Ammonia by porous media, with some remarks on Nitrification—a subject that has lately occupied the Professor's attention. The number includes also the proceedings of the Royal and other Societies.

## FOREIGN LITERATURE.

### THE CRITIC ABROAD.

A CLEVER writer can make a pretty story out of slender materials; indeed, he will take an unpromising text and bring his discourse upon it to a pleasing conclusion. Stallaert, the Flemish author, is one such clever writer. At first sight there is nothing very promising in the title of one of his recent sketches, *Het eerste dietsche charter in Brabant* ("The first Flemish charter in Brabant"), and one would be disposed to pass it by; but let him read the first two lines, and he will read the next four, and then the next six, and so on progressively till he has finished the story, with a wish that it had been longer. In substance it is as follows:—

In May of the year 1289 a stranger appeared at the ducal residence in Brussels, and demanded to speak with the Duke. He was a tall, slim man about sixty, dressed as a burgher, while his slight stoop and high forehead denoted him a man of the pen rather than of the sword—one more deft with his brains than his fist. The servant of the Duke naturally enough inquires, "What call ye yourself? and what would ye with the Duke?" The stranger presents a ring—"Say to the Duke, that the owner of this ring would speak with him." The Duke is Jan I. of Brabant, youngest son of Duke Henry III. Jan has a name in history as a Minnesinger and a soldier. Twelve of his love lays are still extant, and the year before the tale opens, he had gained a splendid victory over

Siegfried, Bishop of Cologne, and his ally, Henry IV. The ring procures the stranger admission to the Duke. They are old friends, and mutually delighted at the meeting. The Duke, now a man of peace, has been turning his attention to the interests of his subjects, and is desirous of elevating the burgher class by establishing guilds, and endowing them with privileges. He makes his friend Jacob, the stranger, acquainted with his plans, and invites him to be present the following day, when he would grant a charter to the fishmonger guild of Brussels. The day came, and there is much rejoicing in Brussels. The deacon of the fishmongers, and the deacons of the other guilds, are assembled in the hall opposite the fish-market and surround the Duke, who commands his secretary to advance and read the charter. The latter obeys, unrolls the parchment, and begins to read aloud, "Nos, Johannes, Dei gratia Dux Lotharingie, Brabantie et Limburgie, &c.," when the stranger suddenly enters the circle, and craves a boon of the Duke. "Speak freely, Jacob," said the Duke; "your prayer is granted, for I know that you will ask for nothing unreasonable, but for that which shall be worthy of us both." Thus encouraged, Jacob addresses a speech to the Duke, in which he observes:

The holiest pledge, the most powerful mark of a people, has been at all times its language: language is the sanctuary and the power of a people. Hence con-

querors, to weaken a vanquished people, have always trodden under foot their language, that dangerous bond of unity. The Latin language to this day is the mark of Roman domination. Its use remained after the Germans had shaken off the Roman yoke, and at this day the princes address their people in a language which they do not understand. In regard to this, France has shown us an example: the King of France speaks to his people in their own language. And you, my Lord Duke, who love your people and your mother tongue, and have honoured it in your poems, follow no longer a blind usage, which retards education, and humbles your people in their own eyes; but let these privileges to the fishmongers, with which, so to speak, your reign commences, be at the same time the first German charter in Brabant.

The Duke acquiesces; but who is to prepare the German, or rather Flemish, charter? Jacob has already made a translation of the Latin one, and commences to read it amid the joyful shouts of the burghers. The document, which still exists, commences:

Wy, Ian, der gratien ons Heren, hertoge van Lotryk, van Brabant ende van Limborgh, maken kondt allen dengen die desse letteren sien ende hooren, &c.

The reading ended, a burst of applause salutes the stranger; this moment rewards him for all the efforts of his life in favour of his countrymen, and tears roll down the old man's cheeks. He is surrounded by the deacons of the various guilds, and, in spite of himself, is crowned with a garland and led in triumph to the feast pre-



pared upon the occasion. "But who was this man?" concludes the story. "It was Jacob van Maerlant, called by his contemporaries the *vader der dietsche dichter algader*" (the father of all the German poets together). As this name may be new to some readers, we may mention that Jacob van Maerlant, according to accounts most to be relied upon, was born about the year 1235, in or near Damme in Flanders, and died there in the year 1300. He was renowned for his comprehensive knowledge and poetical talents. The name of "*Vader der dietsche dichter algader*," which he received from his contemporaries, in no wise denotes Maerlant as the first Flemish poet—for the poetry of the Netherlands is four centuries older than Maerlant—but only as the most distinguished. We may here record the death of a modern poet of the Netherlands of no mean fame. Tollens, the national poet, one of the greatest lyrics of his country, died last month at Rijwijk. He is well known by his poem, *Hetgefallen meisje* ("The fallen maiden.") His principal work, "*The Winter of the Hollanders in Nova-Zembla, 1596-97*," has been translated into nearly every language.

"Hertha," the title of a new Swedish novel, from the pen of Fredrika Bremer, is sure of a favourable reception, as much from its own merits as from the name of its author. Hertha is a teacher, a fosterer and instructor of the young, one of those true self-sacrificing souls which we meet with in many directions—for the world is not so destitute of good hearts and goodness as many would have us suppose—who in early life dedicates herself to the beautiful but often ill-requited vocation of inspiring heart and soul into the rising generation, hoping one day to see her pains and cares rewarded; and that when her hair begins to blanch she may be able to retire into her little room, and thank Heaven, who has enabled her to surmount many trials and conflicts of soul, and to accomplish some good in the world. Hertha, in her youth, was instructed by a kind, fatherly man, to wait upon the sick, and dedicated herself to the profession of surgery, a not unusual one for women in Sweden. Let us hear what Miss Bremer says of this vocation, and especially of the benevolent labours of Miss Arberg, who is at present practising surgery in Stockholm.

Most persons who think of wounds and the care of the wounded commonly look upon the duty as a disagreeable and revolting one. We believe, however, that many will understand us when we speak of the pleasure and pleasantness of attending patients. Women from olden times have been known for their skill in the healing of wounds; from oldest times they have been distinguished in the North too in this respect, and are famed as healers of wounds to the present day. The true healer looks upon a wound as a mother upon a sick child; and when the wound, well washed and cleansed, with a certain fresh and pleasing aspect meets her smile, as if it would thank her for her kindly treatment, then she looks upon it with a feeling of satisfaction and comfort. She lays fine white linen charpie on it, and on this she lays a fine, soft compress; she binds it with white bandages; she tends it as she would a little child, and feels involuntarily somewhat tenderly and motherly about it. And now when the wound is well-dressed and well-bound, and lies in the sight of the patient, how well he (or she) feels; and then, when with every day she sees her foster-child getting well (and such is the rule with certain injuries), then the healing art appears to her fair and agreeable, almost like a fine art. She knows, moreover, that for this art, very different endowments and very different hands are required. And every one recognises with pleasure that he is an artist in his own line.

She continues:

May it be permitted me here to pronounce a few words of esteem and acknowledgment for Miss Arberg of Stockholm, herself a surgeon, and to express the wish that some of those wealthy people, who sometimes send their carriages to fetch this skilful lady, might now and then attend the receptions she daily gives to the poorest population of Stockholm, who, with their wounds and injuries, stream through her open doors. They would then, as we, be touched with the extreme patience, the serene temper and liberality with which she expends her time, her cares, and thousand ointments, for which she can receive a thank only, which sometimes by the vulgar-minded is changed into ingratitude. They would then, as we, feel the wish that she had a better place than her present—one might almost say the street—for her benevolent activity, and to provide the means for its continuance, without a too great loss to herself. Perhaps they would be happier, as we are, and that what they wish they would be able to carry out.

We cannot have too many nightingales, Swedish and English.

Here we add another obituary notice. Kellgren, the celebrated Professor of Oriental Literature, died lately at Helsingfors, at the early age of thirty-five. And yet another death, and one which will affect the whole learned world—Hammer-Purgstall, one of the most distinguished Orientalists of Europe. He was born at Gratz, the 9th of July 1774, and died at Vienna the 23rd of November last. His numerous works testify to the services he rendered science, and his European reputation makes his death an important event.

Those who are fond of Oriental fictions, which have abounded in quantity more than in quality, in Germany lately, will read a really good one with pleasure—the poem of *Asslan-Aga*, by the Prince von Wittgenstein. When we mention that Asslan-Aga is the son of a Peri and a Dahinn (Geni), the reader will expect something wonderful from the hero; and he will not be disappointed, seeing, especially, that his horse Nadshdi, descended from the Prophet's mare, does not run but fly. Beneath him distances change into dust, and the bird, ashamed and envious, ceases to contend with him in speed. Moreover, there is plenty of love and fighting and adventure of various kinds. The poem opens with a sort of prologue, where the author gives a description of the country where the scene is laid. It is Mount Ararat, rising like an exalted donjon into the ethereal blue, wrapt in mists light and mobile; there are the savage rocks which threaten the deep valley and the rounded steps of eternal ice, gigantic ladders of snow hardened and crystallised, like the waves of a petrified sea. It is thus that that beyond seas and mountains, steppes and abysses, fortresses and towns, we see Mount Ararat dominating from afar. And, as the frame of this imposing picture, desolation everywhere, a savage and arid country, fragments of rocks torn and tortured, extend until lost to sight in an enormous circle of hundreds of leagues, around the base of the giant. Not a tree, not a breath of air, everywhere a dry and torn volcanic soil, nothing but the herbs of the steppes, and here and there a rolling pebble detached by the timid foot of a timorous gazelle scared by its own shadow. The Kurde passes but never sojourns there; he pitches his tent for an hour and then departs. The caravan stops an instant; it bivouacs there only when the shadows of night prevent it from pursuing its route; but dawn and the brightening horizon finds it already gone. The wind alone, carrying along the cinders of extinct fires, indicates the place where men have passed, and the hyena goes in search of abandoned bones, and gnaws them, threatening the chalcid which disputes with him his meagre repast. The cinders are soon dispersed, the bones disappear, and nothing remains but silence.

Upon the subject of international copyright between this country and America, Mr. S. G. Goodrich, an American writer, in his "Recollections of a Lifetime," enters at some length. Supposing a law were to be made by which the markets of England and America would be thrown open to the free competition of authors, publishers, and booksellers, he observes:

The grounds of objection to the scheme are various, but the most formidable one is this: *if the two countries thus become one market, it will be mainly to the advantage of the British publishers.* The British are a nation of sellers, not buyers. They preach free trade to all the world; but, when a market is open, they rush in and engross it. It is free-trade, but only to them. If we enter into the proposed partnership, they will buy few of our copyrights—those only of our first authors, and few books beyond samples. We may, perhaps, be permitted to purchase some copyrights of them, and publish the works here; but the general course of things will be this: the London publishers, having the control of British copyrights, will send their agents to New York, Boston, and Philadelphia, or they will here form branch establishments. *Through these we shall be supplied with British books from British type, on British paper, and with British binding.*

There seems to be some strange misapprehension of the laws of political economy here. Firstly, if the open market would be to the advantage of British publishers, it must be due to an inferior literature in the United States. Secondly, in literature, the British are buyers as much as they are sellers; but they do not buy skates to send to China, nor furs to send to the tropics. They simply buy what they can sell to advantage. Thirdly, it is perfectly true that they preach free-trade, and, when the market is open, they engross it if they can. This they can

only do by selling good wares at a better price than can do their neighbours. Excellency at a cheap price can only engross a market. It is free trade to all the world. Fourthly, if we enter into partnership—altogether a wrong term—"they (the British) will buy few of our copyrights"—simply because they may not be worth the purchase-money. Fifthly, our cousins are welcome to purchase our copyrights, but have no right to steal them. An ocean-difference of ten or twice ten thousand miles does not give a moral sanction to this.

There is a fallacy in the supposition that the London publishers have the control of copyrights. It is not true now; and, supposing an international law of copyright to exist, it will then be impossible. As to British type or British paper, which the writer fears would invade the markets of the States, it may merely be observed that no publisher would have his works printed in London if he could have them printed cheaper in Boston or New York. He lays down his plan in outline, which, however, is worthy the attention of all whose interests are involved.

1. An author, being a citizen of Great Britain, shall have copyright in the United States for a period not exceeding fourteen years, on the following conditions:—

2. He shall give due notice in the United States of his intention to secure his copyright in this country three months before the publication of his book, and this shall be issued in the United States, within thirty days after its publication in Great Britain.

3. His work shall be published by an American citizen, who shall lodge a certificate in the office of the Clerk of the Court of the district where he resides, stating in whose behalf this copyright is taken, and this shall be printed on the back of the title-page.

4. The work shall be printed on American paper, and the binding shall be wholly executed in the United States.

5. This privilege shall extend only to books, and not to periodicals.

6. The arrangement thus made on behalf of British authors in America, to be extended to the American authors in Great Britain, and upon similar conditions.

While on the subject of copyright we may mention a piece of literary gossip which went the round of the American press, to the effect that "*Dred*" had not appeared in France, and that it had been offered in vain to every French publisher at the price of eleven hundred and fifty dollars. This statement has been contradicted, as a pure fabrication, by the American publishers Phillips, Sampson, and Co., who further mention that arrangements have been made with a Parisian house for the production of "*Dred*." We should doubt whether the work will have the same success on the Continent as had "*Uncle Tom*." It is too Evangelical, we fear, for French tastes. In England it has had more than 125,000 purchasers.

The American publishers appear to be busy enough in republishing British and American works, along with a few new. Among the latter we observe a new translation of "*Faust*," by Charles T. Brooks. The distinctive peculiarity of this version is that Goethe's method of versification, with regard to masculine and feminine rhymes and alternation of measures, has been preserved. Of its merits as a translation in other respects we have it not in our power yet to speak.

Bolgrad! Where is Bolgrad? We do not find it mentioned in our gazetteers; we do not find it laid down on any of our ordinary maps. We are enabled to supply a knowledge of its whereabouts from the *Novorossieskie Kalendar* ("New Russian Calendar") for 1853. This calendar contains a short statistical view of all the towns and places in New Russia and Bessarabia, where the following statement occurs respecting the mysterious Bolgrad:—

Bolgrad, a fairly-built Bulgarian town in the Lower-Budjaker colonial circle of the province of Bessarabia. It numbers 8305 inhabitants, in about 1037 houses, built mostly of stone; has a school for boys and one for girls, a magnificent cathedral, and a cemetery, in which lies buried General Insow, whom the colonies have to thank for their existence. It has 13 private granaries, a public garden, 675 private gardens; and in industrial establishments 15 candle works, 2 soap-works, 5 brick-kilns, 7 potteries, 8 colour-works, 14 retail trades, 1 inn, and 42 warehouses. On the road to Ismail a monument has been erected by the colonists on the spot where the Emperor Nicholas raised his camp in 1828, on his march to the Danube.

The Russian calendar speaks thus in 1853; the Russian organ, the *Moniteur de la Flotte*, speaks differently in 1856, and describes Bolgrad as a nest of 400 inhabitants, whose possession it was not worth while quarrelling about; but if the Western diplomatists had looked a little closer into Russian geography, they would have found that Bolgrad is situated on the Alpuch (Jalpuch), and consequently close upon the Danube. We are not writing politically but topographically, when we add that of a second Bolgrad or "Tobak" not a word is said in either the Calendar or Itinerary, according to which Bolgrad lies forty-one versts from Ismail and 216 from Odessa.

It is interesting to observe that most European nations are represented at Brussels by *littérateurs* of note, and even of considerable celebrity. The name of Joseph Lelewitz, the Pole, an old resident of Brussels, is distinguished among European *écrivains*. Nicholas Josika, the Hungarian *Nord* writer, is justly popular, not alone in his own country, but also in France and Germany. Italy is represented by a poet of no mean pretensions, Francesco dall' Ongaro; whose tragedy, "*Bianca Capello*," written for Madame Ristori, is a truly classical production. Amongst the Germans, Dr. Scheler, librarian of the King, Ida von Düringsfeld, the authoress of several popular novels, Michael Berend, the poet, deserve honourable mention. The more prominent names among the French residents of Brussels are Edgar Quinet, and P. J. Stahl (Hetz); whilst England has contributed her quota in the person of Mr. A. A. Paton, who is now at work on a history of modern Egypt.

Franz Locher, a German Roman Catholic, has just published in Augsburg a work on the "History and Condition of the Germans in America," in seven volumes. The last contains a description of American society, and parts of it will excite the attention of the Know-Nothings. "The Catholics," says the sanguine Locher, "have in the United States, as well as in Canada, world-renowned and accomplished priests and teachers, who are superior in mind and intellect to their Protestant brethren. This vexes the preachers of the old English sects, and they are beside themselves with anger. The warehouse of their own theology offers them only few weapons. Their religion is cold, intelligent, and yet not rational enough; they therefore libel and persecute the Catholic Church, and represent its priests as the most ferocious beasts of prey, only fit to be devoured with skin and bones. This is exactly the thing most agreeable to the Catholic managers. They have plenty of money, which is everything in America, although half of it comes from Europe. Their priesthood is well regulated and drilled, and the multitude of the believers obey their commands like one man. The Catholic bishops have already now, at least in the Free States, the greatest political power. They elect Presidents and Governors, and are nearly always democratic, though they know when to change their politics."

The site of the Herodian Gerihos, the necropolis of the Scythian Kings, has at last been discovered. The excavations, originally begun about five years ago by order of the Russian Government, were taken up again during the last summer, when an immense "Kurgan" was opened, which had covered the catacombs of the Scythian kings, and was filled with utensils of gold, silver, iron, and clay.

### Foreign Books recently published.

[Where prices are given the franc has been valued at a shilling, and the thaler at three shillings, as in importing books duty and carriage have to be reckoned.]

#### BELGIAN.

- Brialmont, A.—Histoire du Duc de Wellington. Bruxelles. 8vo. Paris III. IV. 2s.  
Lacroix, Paul.—Histoire des mystificateurs et des mystifiés. Vol. I. Bruxelles. 32mo. 1s. 4d.  
Lévy, Ed.—Histoire de la peinture sur verre, dans les diverses contrées et particulièrement en Belgique, &c., with plates. Bruxelles. 4to. 2s. 3d. each part. 28 Parts have already appeared.  
Marchal.—Histoire politique du règne de l'Empereur Charles Quint. Bruxelles. 8vo. 10s.  
Van Driessche, E.—Moeder Lysbeth, roman de mœurs. Gand. 12mo. 1s.

#### FRENCH.

- Bertrand, Louis.—Traité du suicide, considéré dans ses rapports avec la philosophie, la médecine et la jurisprudence. Paris. 8vo. 3s.  
Bussy-Rabutin.—Histoire amoureuse des Gaules. Suivie de Romans historico-satiriques du 17e siècle. Paris. 16mo. 3s.  
Cap, Antoine.—Études biographiques pour servir à l'histoire des sciences. Première série, Chimistes, naturalistes. Paris. 16mo.  
Fraisinet, Ed.—La Japon contemporaine. Paris. 16mo. 2s.  
Frémy, A.—Confessions d'un Bohémien. Paris. 16mo. 1s.  
Gourdon, Ed.—Histoire du Congrès de Paris. Avec une introduction, par M. J. Cohen. Paris. 8vo. 5s.  
Hubault, G.—Ambassade de Michel de Castelnau en Angleterre (1575-1585). Paris. 8vo.  
Von Krausenstolpe.—La cours de Versailles de 1750 à 1850. Vol. IV. Hamburg. 12mo. 5s.

#### GERMAN.

- Bade.—Reminiscenzen, &c. (Reminiscences of the Life of Nicholas I.) Berlin. 16mo. 3s.  
Georgia.—Histoire de la Géorgie depuis l'antiquité jusqu'à 19e siècle (Translated from the Georgian by M. Brosset. Part II., No. I.: Modern History). St. Petersburg. 4to. 25s.  
Hertzberg.—Leben, &c. (Life of Agesila II. of Sparta) Halle. 8vo. 8s.  
Körner.—Charaktergemälde, &c. (Pictures of manners drawn from German history.) Vol. II. Leipzig. 8vo. 3s. 4d.  
Schneidewind.—Prinz Wilhelm, &c. (Prince William of Prussia in the wars of his times). Berlin. 8vo. 6s.

#### SPANISH.

- Valdés, Plácido-Gabriel.—Poesías completas. Last corrected edition. Paris. 16mo. 3s.

## FRANCE.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

Paris, Dec. 30.

THIS year has been fertile in political events of the greatest magnitude, but literature has moved so slowly as barely to escape stagnation, and I am by no means sure that the movement has not been crablike and retrogressive, instead of in its natural and normal direction. Victor Hugo, in the early part of the year broke the silence he had preserved for so many years, and it is generally understood that the publisher and author found the book much more profitable than the public, who, having bought it on the strength of Hugo's ancient fame, were terribly disappointed when they came to peruse it. The other marking event of the year is the Lamartine episode. It is needless to recapitulate here what must be well known to most of your readers. To cut a long story short, M. de Lamartine, having got into difficulties, whether by his own fault or from circumstances over which he had no control, made an appeal to the public, telling a pitiable, and in the eyes of many an unduly exaggerated, tale of the exertions to which he was condemned by misfortune or providence. He started a periodical called *Le Cours Familier de Littérature*, and subscriptions to it were solicited throughout Europe, as a means of relieving *une grande infortune*. You will be glad to hear, whatever you may think of M. de Lamartine for resorting to what many consider an undignified call upon public charity, that it has been responded to with a liberality which is the best proof of the poet's popularity, and the best answer to the attacks which have been showered upon him for preferring to fill his purse and increase his store by writing indifferent prose, to ancient poetic fame, misery, perhaps starvation.

Here *à propos* of Lamartine, before I resume my review of current events, I must open a parenthesis. At the Variétés, in the course of the past week, a piece was represented for the first time, which, under the title of *La Lanterne Magique*, purports to review the events of the past year. The above-mentioned Lamartine episode, the attacks upon him, and the course he followed in March 1848, when by his firmness he saved Paris from possible bloodshed, and from certain alarm, resisting the clamour of an armed mob to adapt the blood-red flag as the national colour—all these were touched upon in some couplets, the good intention of which entitle them to the mercy of the critic, as it justified the applause of the public, who showed themselves almost as great Lamartinians as the authors.

But there are other events which demand a brief recapitulation. Of M. Guizot's memoir of Sir Robert Peel I will say nothing, seeing that it has appeared simultaneously in an English and French dress; and this, with M. de Montalembert's work on English politics, closes the very meagre list of works which a future generation may regard as possessing a historical interest, and throwing light on the state of affairs in Europe in A.D. 1856.

The *ephémères* are more numerous. M. Jaquot, alias Eugène de Mirecour, continues his smart little biographies. M. de M— writes badly; but he has the merit, possibly the affectation, of being honest, and an honest and disinterested biographer being as rare an animal as the sea-serpent, people purchase one of his books for curiosity's sake, and the love of a little scandal leads them to purchase the series. M. de Mirecour, by-the-by, has been getting himself into trouble. In one of his little volumes he gave, or professed to give, a biography of the critic of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, a man of sterling talent, but who, not content with imitating the austere virtue of antiquity, shares the objection of the celebrated personage whom Maro met in the infernal regions—in *complotis capillis incomptaque barba*—to soap and water. This peculiarity of M. Planché M. de Mirecour turned into ridicule, repeating with aggravating circumstances a standing old joke about M. Planché having eaten some almond soap which was sent him as a present in his ignorance of its real use, and other amenities of a similar description. For this M. Planché has had all the copies of the book seized, and has brought an action for libel against M. de Mirecour and his publisher. This seizing of books reminds me of an old story of Cardinal Mazarine, which I believe is related in the *Memoirs* of the Cardinal de Retz. A ferocious libel having appeared against him, he had every copy of the book seized, but never thought of prosecuting the author and publisher. He, on the contrary, had the book privately sold on his own account, for ten times its original price, among his enemies—and their name was legion. The edition was soon exhausted, and brought in the wily Italian some two or three thousand pounds, whereof, like a sensible man, he sent one hundred to the author, asking him to libel him again.

Another *éphémère* is the *Gazette de Champfleury*. The author is not an eagle; far from it. He has involved himself into quarrels with a great many people, and declines to fight them, on the plea that he can't think of allowing literature to run the risk of losing one whom he considers in every way calculated to adorn it. He fills his *Gazette*, which is a small duodecimo volume, appearing monthly, with abuse of those that don't share his views, imitations from Boccaccio and Casti, which, unrelieved by the graces

of the original narration, are obnoxious to the charge of gross immodesty—not to use a stronger term. M. Philoxène Boyer, a bad poet, he called a grotesque being; for this M. B. sent him a challenge, which was refused for the reason aforesaid. The affair has made a stir in the literary world, and M. Champfleury was shown up in *Figaro* by M. About, in so spicy and sarcastic a manner, that the friends of the parties were afraid of the champions exchanging their pens for sharper weapons; but there is no fear of any flowing besides *atramentum*.

One of the public scandals of the day in Paris is the ridiculously high prices given for the furniture, chimney ornaments, and in some cases even the kitchen utensils of our Boulevard actresses, when a change of circumstances leads the fair proprietor to advertise them for sale. Few of these ladies owe their celebrity solely to their theatrical talents; so that the *éclat* thrown round their names by the attendance of princes and dukes, &c., not unfrequently accompanied by their wives and daughters (?), and the large sums realised at these auctions, are simply premiums upon immorality and vice. It is true that the luxury displayed in the furniture and decorations of the houses inhabited by these little Messalinas—in some cases so rich as to outvie the luxurious dwellings of the Rothschilds and Perrières, &c. (which, *en passant*, are in the overcharged style of splendour that is seldom found in the residences of hereditary wealth), is not unfrequently a matter of calculation. Purchased after some unexpected stroke of fortune in stock-jobbing, or other species of gambling speculation, the plate, tapestry, and general mounting of the *apartment*, or the hotel, is of the most sterling and solid kind. No imitation silver, no cotton velvets for hangings, nor other spurious articles, are to be found—all is real, solid, substantial. The fact is, that the buyer, wise in his generation, feels that though fortune has smiled upon him one day she may frown the next; and, though happy to shine "in the light of his little day," and with "lovely Thais by his side," to dazzle his less fortunate friends of the Bourse by the elegance of his new equipage in the Bois de Boulogne, yet he prudently reflects that should difficulties occur and leave him what he had been all his life till within a few months or weeks, a poor man, here is something tangible laid by. Had he laid out his money on Elkington's plate and other showy articles of luxury, he would have nothing in case of wreck. But the sharp-eyed speculator, by this precautionary liberality, secures for himself a something handsome, in case of the worst, either to begin the world anew in Paris, or to provide a handsome asylum for himself and *lady* should he be compelled to fly to America or Sweden. You will see, from this, that our extravagant French lovers are not quite such fools as they seem at first sight. Within the present year a well-known successful speculator, who had been formerly clerk to a notary, was suddenly obliged to quit Paris from being unable to meet his differences in time-bargains. His chief or only creditor, a stock-broker, hastened to effect a seizure of his plate, carriages, and furniture, which would have gone far to efface the debt—but, alas! they had been duly and legally presented to Mlle. A. at the time of their purchase, and no power in the law could invalidate her ownership.

Our well-known "*Dame aux Camélias*," Mme. D., of the Vandeville, has sold off her *meubles* many times, and always with a certain degree of success; but this lady possesses talents which raise her much above the class who belong to the inferior grades of the profession, and who imitate her on and off the stage. One of these lesser divinities sold off her moveables lately, and, as usual, everything was handsome, and not a few of the articles rich in the extreme. *Figaro*, in describing the sale, pleasantly quotes the wondering exclamations of a country cousin on viewing all these fine things, who wonders how Mlle. A. could have picked them all up out of a salary of thirty francs a week!

You will have seen by the daily papers that Mlle. Rachel's hotel and furniture were advertised for sale. The hotel, or to speak more truly *house*, has, in fact, been thrown open to the public for some weeks, and many of our journals here have indulged in descriptions of the apartments and their adornments, which rival anything of the kind ever penned by the late celebrated George Robins, the auctioneer, whose glowing eulogiums on everything he had to sell can scarcely be forgotten. And, truth to say, the dashing exaggerations of poor George were entirely thrown into the background by the sober earnestness of our Paris panegyrists. To read their descriptions, one would imagine that the French Melpomene inhabited a palace, or rather a temple, and hence, no doubt, arose much of the disappointment almost universally expressed by every visitor. Had these officious nincompoops been silent, everybody would have visited the house with that feeling of admiration and reverence

Which gilds and hallows e'en the rudest scene,  
The humblest shed where genius once hath been.  
But, as it was, the inflated accounts of the marble halls, grand staircases, state bedroom, &c. &c., did much harm, when the crowd of curious found the famous "Hotel de Mlle. Rachel" a small third-rate house in a quiet little street (Rue Trudon) not far from the Boulevards, which had been altered from a



respectable residence for a private family into comfortable ranges of showrooms, into which the numerous presents made to the illustrious tragedian—consisting of works of art, statues, pictures, antiques, loads of curiosities of various kinds—were thrust, without much regard to age, date, or fashion, and formed a very incongruous medley. Several convenient rooms had been evidently thrown into one to form a grand saloon; and the bedroom was unquestionably handsome. The library, very small, contained some very well bound books, chiefly dramatic; but the general wonder was, Where did the mistress live? What apartments did the family occupy? There was much display in a very little space, but not a room in the house to be inhabited with comfort. Ostentatious pretension has, indeed, been seldom carried further than in this same little hotel. After having been exhibited for some weeks, preparatory to the intended sale, the idea was suddenly abandoned perhaps from a reluctance on the part of Rachel to enter the lists with the ladies of the theatrical profession who have lately given this kind of auction so unpleasant a notoriety; or perhaps, as we hope, she proposes to return to Paris, and again charm the public with her talents.

The absurd opinions volunteered by M. Ponsard upon Shakspeare on his late reception at the Institute have made much noise, and led to much discussion, the majority of scribblers, not better acquainted with "Old Williams" than M. Ponsard himself, being decidedly of his opinion. The able and accomplished critic of the *Moniteur*, M. Théophile Gautier, has, however, taken up the cudgels in favour of the great poet, and dealt his depreciator a dressing which he is

not likely to forget. M. Gautier is an admirable judge also of the fine arts, his views on painting and sculpture being regarded here as authorities. It is stated that he is about to become the proprietor of the *Artiste*, a journal specially devoted to these branches of the arts.

A singular example of the art of blending apparent friendship with something very like malice is quoted by the *Figaro* from a late notice on the performance of Mario, the popular tenor, by M. Fiorentino, the theatrical critic of the *Constitutionnel*. The notice, after some compliments to M. Mario's singing, goes on to say:—

What a delicious voice is Mario's! Yet it is eighteen years since his *début* in Paris; he was then fully twenty-eight years of age. Seeing that the noble Count entered the profession very late in consequence of the opposition of his family, he had arrived at manhood when he commenced that success in society which led him to the theatre, which has given him fame and fortune. Twenty-eight and eighteen make —

The article winds up with a perfidious compliment, in which the occasional white hairs to be detected among the raven locks of the *artiste* are compared to threads of silver in his artistic crown. It would be difficult to find more civility and spite in the same number of lines. If true, it is a rare instance of unimpaired powers of voice, for never since Mario came to the stage has he sung so well as at present.

A striking example of the large sums made in the theatrical profession, even by second-rate actors, came out in evidence before the law courts a few days ago. It was sworn that M. Fechter, who acts the principal part in a drama called *Le Fils de la Nuit*, had up to that date received the sum of 47,000 francs, nearly

two thousand pounds, for less than three months acting.

A drama on the subject of a deaf and dumb boy, the title of which is *L'Abbé de l'Espérance*, well known in England, is in preparation for revival at the Français; the part of the boy (the principal character) to be performed by a young lady who labours under the terrible infirmities above named. She has been reared at the institution in Paris founded by the benevolent Abbé, and is described as a model of intelligence and extreme beauty. Great interest is created by the deaf and dumb *débütante*.

The opera world is still running wild after Mlle. Piccolomini. In vain the cabals of all the old *cantatrice* essay to undermine her. On Christmas night, generally the worst night in the year, she acted to a house crammed to the roof.

## AMERICA.

*Mormon Wives: a Narrative of Facts stranger than Fiction.* By METTA VICTORIA FULLER. New York: Derby and Jackson. London: Sampson Low and Co.

This is another of the already long list of works directed against the vices of the Mormon system. It is powerfully written, and upon a mind nicely balanced between polygamy and monogamy would doubtless have its effect; but the mischief is that these books are only read by persons who have no difficulty in agreeing with the conclusions sought to be established, whilst those whom they are intended to convert require stronger means.

# SCIENCE, ART, MUSIC, THE DRAMA, &c.

## SCIENCE AND INVENTIONS.

### THE FORTNIGHT.

THE return of Dr. Livingston after an absence of seventeen years in the wilds of Africa, and his reception at the Royal Geographical Society, have been events of no ordinary moment in closing the past year. A new era now dawns upon Central Africa. It is no longer *terra incognita* a phantom of a vast desert, it is a land happy in its soil and in its flowing waters. The opening of communication with the interior of this continent will and must react upon the whole world. A new phase of life is thus presented for contemplation, and the black man will become, not, as he now unfortunately is, a blot on the fair face of the globe, but an element, it may be, of knowledge and of power, whose future development will be one link more in the lengthening chain of progress. Through the toil of one man a vast region of scientific inquiry has also thus been opened up, and a land which for ages past has been a source for mere conjecture is now a broad fact as a basis for future investigations. The physical geography of the country traversed by Dr. Livingston is described as being a network of rivers, and producing luxuriant vegetation to the north of 20° S. There are two lofty ridges of mountains to the east and west, with a plateau between 700 miles wide. The central part bears the appearance of having been at one time a lake, the water having forced a passage to the eastward, to the river Lezambe. The ridges reach a great elevation, the rocks being composed principally of granite, gneiss, and quartz, the latter resembling snow; seams of coal have been found, iron ore also, and malachite and gold had been traced in some of the streams. The inhabitants possessed some of the elements of civilisation, and exhibited domestic institutions of a peculiar character.

The report of the Institution of Civil Engineers gives some interesting information on the progress of railways during the past year. There were now nearly 100 miles opened of the Great Indian Peninsular Railway from Bombay, with works extending south-east through the Bhoré Ghaut to Sholapoor, and about to be commenced in a north-east direction, to Nagpur and Jabulpore, and the Berar cotton fields. The Bombay, Baroda, and Scinde railways were also being vigorously prosecuted. Oude is to have the benefit of the railway system by a branch 50 miles in length, from Cawnpore to Lucknow; other lines were also proposed for Gorruckpore, Tirhoot, and Purneah. In South America, the Pernambuco Railway was making satisfactory progress. The first section of the Dom Pedro II. Railway, 40 miles in length, would shortly be completed; this, passing up the Serra into the valley of the Parabiba, would extend through the principal coffee-producing districts 200 miles. In Canada, the Victoria tubular bridge, across the St. Lawrence, was now all that was left to complete the Grand Trunk Railway. In Egypt, the line between Cairo and Suez was near completion, spanning the Nile by a vast iron bridge at Kaffre Azzagah. On the Continent, a gradual extension of all the lines was being made. The Victor

Emanuel line was approaching the Alps, for traversing which all the preparations were being made. The portion from Aix-les-Bains, through Chambéry to St. Jean de Maurienne, 55 miles in length, was opened in October last.

A paper was read at the Chemical Society by Mr. Anderson, "On the Saponification of Resin." The resin acids were precipitated from an aqueous solution of the saponified resin, by means of dilute sulphuric acid. These resin acids when dried at 212° F. contained 4 per cent. less carbon than ordinary unsaponified resin.—Mr. L. Hutchings read a paper "On a Compound obtained by the action of fuming Sulphuric Acid on Chloride of Phenyl;" the body is another member of the class of chlorhydro-bisbasic acids. And Dr. Odling showed that Chromic, Tungstic, and Molybdic acids also yield analogous compounds.

From a report on the Medical Charities of the Metropolis drawn up by a Committee of the Council of the Statistical Society, it appears that there are in London fourteen general hospitals, with an aggregate annual income of 155,616*l.*; 36 special hospitals for particular classes of persons or particular diseases with an income of 119,252*l.*; 42 general dispensaries with an income of 21,000*l.*; 18 special dispensaries, with an income of 8064*l.* There are also two nurses training institutions, with an income of 4740*l.*; and several Samaritan and other funds, with an income of 1882*l.*; making altogether a total of 310,554*l.* To estimate correctly, however, the sum annually expended on medical relief, the cost of the treatment in workhouse infirmaries must be taken into account—this amounts to 28,776*l.*; for the maintenance of pauper lunatics 79,988*l.*; and 4292*l.* is paid for vaccination; making a total of 113,056*l.*—which, added to the previous sum of 310,554*l.*, gives a total of 423,610*l.* expended in London on medical relief; and the sums raised for building funds may be taken at 15,000*l.* annually. The number of in-patients treated in one year, by the 50 general and special hospitals, amounted to 45,808; the number of out-patients, 369,129. The 60 dispensaries relieved 232,878; thus making a grand total, 647,815 persons annually relieved, that is, about a fourth of the whole population. If the poor rate of London, which is 842,380*l.*, is added to the total given above, the amount is no less than 1,265,990*l.* spent in giving relief to the poorer class—equivalent to ten shillings a head of the entire Metropolitan population.

Among the wonders of photography lately exhibited at King's College, not the least was the power of realising the most minute details of any object. A speck no bigger than a pin's head, when brought under the power of the microscope, exhibited all the perfection of object on the largest scale. Of the recent improvements, the transference of the original drawing by nature on copper is one of the most interesting. This, in fact, is the realisation of the original idea of a sun picture. The photograph is first taken on glass or other transparent substance, and a copy produced on copper by the electrotype process.—At the Linnean Society, Dr. Holland, of Sheffield, considered it erroneous to suppose that the torpidity of hibernating animals was produced by the accumulation of fat before winter; on the con-

trary, the fat is the effect, and not the cause of hibernation. The approach of cold weather is accompanied by a sluggish action of the vital powers, and, consequently, a smaller consumption of oxygen by the respiratory organs. In this state the carbon of the food then becomes in excess, and is converted into fat. All circumstances producing a sluggish action of the vital powers are favourable to the production of fat; and hence fogs had a fattening tendency. Dr. Holland stated that he considered that the electric condition of the atmosphere, which was always greater in winter than in summer, materially influenced the sustentation of animal life without food during the winter months. Hence a fire during frost burns brighter than in warm weather. His views were, that, as the time approached for the hibernation of the animal, a store of fat is accumulated, the elements of which combining with the oxygen of the air, and in combination with the electricity of the atmosphere, maintained the necessary degree of animal heat.—The discovery of the interesting fact that the last image formed on the retina of the eye of a dying person remained impressed upon it, recently announced in this country, is said to have been confirmed by experiments made by Dr. Pollock, of Chicago, on the eye of a man who had been murdered. The subject is too curious and interesting to be long left in uncertainty.

## QUERIES AND NOTES.

For the convenience of reference and mutual recognition, we would suggest to our correspondents the advisability of adopting distinctive names, such as ANTIQUARY—PICTOR, or what ever else they choose. Such names are better than initials, because they are more readily recognised.

OLD SONG.—Can any of the readers of "Notes and Queries" supply the remaining stanzas of an old song of which one of the verses runs—

London-bridge is broken down;  
Dance over my Lady Leigh.  
London-bridge is broken down  
With a fair lady;

and say if there be any known occasion and meaning in the song.

G. W. D. P.

FAMILY NAME OF THE ROYAL FAMILY OF ENGLAND.—What is the family name of his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales? We all know that his territorial title from his father is Duke of Saxe Coburg, besides his more elevated one of Prince of Wales, derived through his mother; but the latter has nothing to do with his real name. Her gracious Majesty, before marriage, was a Guelph; and when the regicide Convention of France demanded of the unfortunate Louis XVI. his name, and he answered Louis of France, it with some show of reason repudiated the denomination, and went back as far as Hugh Capet, nearly cotemporary with our Alfred, to find the true name by which to arraign their sovereign as Louis Capet. *Abiit omen* is my most fervent prayer in the present case; but still, like many other most loyal

subjects of her Majesty, it would be satisfactory to know what is her real name and that of her royal children. LEX.

**OLD BALLADS.**—The following fragments are sung in Craven; but nobody seems to know any more of the verses. The first composition is evidently of the date of 1715 or thereabouts. Can any of your correspondents supply the remaining verses of either song?

#### LONG PRESTON PEG.

Long Preston Peg to proud Preston went,  
To see the Scotch rebels it was her intent.  
A noble Scotch lord, as he passed by,  
On this Yorkshire damsel did soon cast an eye.

#### II.

He called on his servant, which on him did wait;  
Go down to yon girl which stands at the gate,  
That sings with a voice so soft and so sweet,  
And in my name do her lovingly greet.

#### SLAIDBURN FAIR.

The landlord, he came out and took me up an entry.  
He show'd me into the finest room, as if I'd been a gentry!  
Pudding and sauce they did so smell, pudding and sauce so rare!  
Egad! said John, I told thee, Nell, we was coming to Slaidburn Fair.

#### D.

**THE CALF OF MAN AND THE ATHENÆUM.**—SIR,—In page 1249 of the number of the *Athenæum* for October 11 occurs the following allusion to the Calf of Man:—"Gigantic natural arches of rock, beside which the Calf of Man is but the door of a mousehole." That island in no respect resembles the "door" (aperture the writer must mean) of a mousehole; neither is there anything bearing the form of an arch, as is here implied.

#### A NATIVE OF THE ISLE OF MAN.

**THE PROPOSED EDITION OF HANDEL'S WORKS AT LEIPZIG.**—I wish to correct two errors which slipped into my communication upon this subject in a former impression of the *CRITIC*. In the first place I wrote that the Leipzig Committee propose to complete the entire works of Handel in "fifty-two" volumes. This should have been "sixty." My observations, however, upon this point remain unchanged; for, in my opinion, it is not possible to comprise all the works of the *maestro* either in fifty-two volumes or in sixty. The other point arises out of the following passage: "It is known that the author of 'Israel in Egypt,' who left his native town at eighteen years of age, left nothing there." This should have been worded, "It was supposed," &c. Although the belief has hitherto been that Handel left nothing at Halle, I did not, of course, intend to throw any doubt upon the discoveries of the Leipzig Committee, or, indeed, to pronounce any opinion upon them until they are forthcoming. Considering that that committee is composed of the most eminent composers in Germany, their statements are entitled to the highest respect; and if they have really discovered early works of Handel at Halle, it will be good news for all zealous Handelians.

#### VICTOR SCHÆLCHER.

**SCHILLER'S HOUSE.**—SIR,—To quiet you and your readers' fears for the safety of Schiller's house at Gohlis, or for the zeal of his numerous admirers in his own country, as expressed in the first page of your literary journal of the 15th Nov., as well as to show you that we Germans have as great regard for the coryphees of your literature equally as you English (possibly in this instance greater, as Gohlis was only the occasional residence of our great poet, whilst the Shakspeare-house at Stratford-upon-Avon was the birthplace of its swan), permit me to inform you that on this day week (the 11th), the anniversary of Schiller's birth, his residence was bought by the Schiller-Verein of this city for 2100 thalers—equivalent to about three hundred guineas. This favoured spot is thus secured from profane or inappropriate use, and may possibly form a fitting locality for the social meetings and literary deliberations of the alumni of this seat of the muses, near to which it is so conveniently and beautifully situated. Your notice of this fact on the 1st Nov. was premature.

Leipzig, Nov. 18. J. G.

**THE GALLERY OF THE BELVIDERE.**—Since the death of the custos of our gallery of the Belvidere, Peter Kraft (whose decease is correctly reported in your literary journal), a few words on the establishment of this collection, and some existing projects for a reform of it and our art exhibitions generally, may be now of interest, considering how much at present similar inquiries are canvassed with you for the objects of your national collection. It should be premised, however, that in Austria none of our galleries or collections, either of art or science, are public property, or what might be termed State acquisitions; they are still, in the strictest sense of the word, the private chattels of the reigning family, and alienable by them at any day, being formed from the private funds of ancestors of the present dynasty. The large Ambras collection takes its name from the castle of the same name, near Innsbruck, in the

Tyrol, where its nucleus was originally begun by Archduke Ferdinand (born 1529, died 1595), nephew of Charles V., and remained there till, in one of the many territorial distortions consequent upon the political plans of the first Napoleon, Tyrol was ceded to Bavaria in 1805; when, as private family property, the Emperor Francis I. had the collection removed to Vienna, in the stories of the lower Belvidere Palace, comprising two halls and smaller rooms, and may in great measure represent what a London collection would be which united the Tower armouries with the art treasures that are to be placed, as we hear, in those singular buildings now erecting west of London. The first rooms show the Cavalier spirit of the founder, as there are housed the festal iron habiliments of many of his princely contemporaries and friends—all of them splendid specimens of the armourer's art—as well as many beautiful trophies taken from their enemies. It would require a volume to give anything like a *catalogue raisonné* of the contents of the other seven rooms, so varied and multifarious. The famous golden salt-cellar, the *chef d'œuvre* of Benvenuto Cellini, has a world celebrity, and was a necessary piece of furniture for the table when the order of rank at festivals was cognisable by those who sat above or below the salt. A collection of the arms of Charles V., with his crossbow, the shaft of which is beautifully graven, and an undoubted specimen of Albert Dürer's best art. The collection of sculptured ivories is a very rich one; amongst them the Rape of the Sabinas, the work of Alexander Colin, as a specimen for the beautiful bas-reliefs which he executed subsequently for the Emperor Ferdinand I., to adorn the cenotaph of the latter's grandfather, Maximilian I., at Innsbruck, which are alone worthy of a journey to the Tyrolean capital to visit. This collection contains also, amongst many paintings by the best masters, a large assemblage of 1200 contemporary portraits, two of which have special British interest—namely, of Maria Stuart and Queen Elizabeth.

But we must stop our enumeration of the riches of the lower Belvidere to proceed to those of the upper one—the gallery of paintings. This was also commenced by an Archduke Leopold, from 1628 to 1637, at Brussels; and, amongst other opportunities, an Englishman must especially regret that the dispersion of the splendid collection of our Charles the First during this period was not neglected: at this early stage it was put under the direction of the younger David Teniers, who arranged the whole, and published engravings of 1300. In 1778 the entire gallery was removed to Vienna, under Joseph II., and its first director was Christian von Meckeln. The collection contains 2500 excellent paintings, with specimens of nearly every school. The lower story has, on each side of the entrance, seven large halls and four smaller cabinets: first and second to the right is occupied with the *Venetian* school; third, the *Roman*; fourth, the *Florentine* painters; fifth, that of *Bologna*; sixth, the *Lombardic*; and the seventh, the *Neapolitan*. On the left hand we have separate rooms for the Netherland masters in the following succession: 1. Rembrandt; 2. Landscapes; 3. Vandyke; 4. the large Rubens Hall; 5. Rubens again; 6. Teniers; 7. Painters of Rubens's school. In the upper story, its first division has the old German school; the old Netherland and the modern ones, and more recent Germans to 1780: its second division is for modern painters subsequent to that period. A project has been started to change the tenure of these and the other numerous collections of our capital from house chattels of the imperial family into state property, and to unite them all into one vast aggregate—a proposition that is not now entertained for the first time: it was contemplated to form them into a great national museum under Francis the First; but the French Revolution and its political consequences prevented the idea from being carried out. Much discussion is going on in the literary circles and our studios of uniting such an assemblage under a single roof: the Louvre is taken as a pattern by those who urge the affirmative, whilst the disjunction of your National Gallery and the British Museum is adduced by the advocates of separate localities; but many do not know that the latter is as heterogeneous in its contents as could well be brought about—Natural History, Ethnology, Antiquities, Books, &c., being all mixed in a most polyglot assemblage.

Vienna, Nov. 17.

#### Answers.

**STATUE OF CHARLEMAGNE.**—In reply to W. G. S. D., who states the statue at Cologne to be the only authentic representation of Charlemagne, I beg to inclose a passage from a work of mine, showing that there exists one in Italy that lays equal claims to be considered correct.

#### LE CHEVALIER DE CHATELAIN.

One of the greatest curiosities of Rome, in my humble opinion, is the beautiful mosaic that belonged to Leo III.'s Triclinium, and which, thanks to Benedict XIV., is still to be seen in the piazza of St. Giovanni Laterano, at no great distance from the holy staircase. Besides the Apostles, who are represented surrounding Christ, Charlemagne and Leo III. are depicted kneeling. The monarch wears a mantle of cloth of gold, embroidered with pearls; his head is encircled by a crown in the form of a diadem; and his nether garments consist of a pair of green trousers adorned

with spiral stripes of gold, which were, doubtless, intended to represent the fillets then worn round them. In his hand he bears a green standard, spotted with peacock's eyes, surmounted by a lance ornamented with a *feur de lis*. The Pope, dressed in cloth of gold, is bareheaded, and has his crown shaven like a monk. The authenticity of these portraits is founded on the inscription that is to be read under the prince's effigy: "Blessed Peter, give eternal life to Leo, and victory to Charles." I lay the greater stress upon the authenticity of this portrait, because for want of proper data the greatest monarch that France ever boasted has never been correctly represented. His effigy, as depicted in the collection of seals at St. Denis, cannot be a good likeness. His picture, which adorned the late Louis-Philippe's collection, was little better than the caricature of a magistrate of the fifteenth century. I would advise artists by all means to consult the mosaic. C. de C.

#### ARCHITECTURE.

##### ARCHITECTURAL EXHIBITION.

THIS exhibition affords ample proof that architecture has at length cast off the trammels with which it was so long bound. We are no longer inundated with Grecian or Roman orders, nor tied to the phases of Gothic art. We do not mean to undervalue these. On the contrary, some of the noblest edifices of which the country can boast are founded on either Grecian or Gothic art. The Crystal Palace has shown, however, that other forms and other elements may be applied, and the lesson has not been lost. But architectural art is not for public buildings alone; we wish to see it adorning our streets, or raising forms of beauty in our country residences, or gracing even the humble cottage. It is with these views that we look upon the designs here presented. The very catalogue shows the extent of variety. While the designs sent in for competition for the Liverpool Library and Museum and the Cathedral at Lisle are a proof that grandeur has been successfully aimed at, a corner house in the course of re-erection in Henrietta-street, Covent-garden, attracts attention from its chasteness of style and ornament. While Owen Jones endeavours to grapple with the new and vast resources of the Crystal Palace style in his model for the proposed St. James's Hall, or for the Manchester Exhibition building, beauty of form is also presented to adorn our warehouses and workshops. Nor is the Exhibition confined to architectural design alone. There is a department for materials, patents, and inventions connected with building. Here may be seen much that is novel, both for construction, for internal ornament and arrangement, and what is more, for comfort, that is, according to our English notions—Samples of bricks and tiles, glazed and coloured and of various patterns; patent gutter tiles by Beadon, costing a penny per foot, including cement and nails; ventilating apparatus; parquet floors, borders and ornaments; cheap fire lamp grates, at 11s. 6d., 13s. 6d., and 15s. 6d.; Bale's patent tessellated and mosaic floor quarries; specimens of slate, especially those exhibited by Messrs. Magnus, grates, &c. made of Ransome's patent silicious stone; some very beautiful tablets and chimney-pieces from the Lizard serpentine quarries; a stone lately introduced, very ornamental in itself, and capable of a high polish; specimens also of machine wood carving; highly ornamented enamelled glass—in short, the variety of articles, all adapted for internal fittings, and particularly with reference to economy, are such as has been effected by the introduction of new materials, which may be worked up cheaply, and by the application of machinery in producing articles in any quantity according to different patterns, and thus bringing things which hitherto could only be commanded by the wealthy within the reach of a much larger class, and consequently diffusing a higher standard of public taste for works of art in common things. It falls to the lot of but comparatively few to deal with the expensive luxury of building; but improvements in the interior fittings are matters which more immediately affect the many, and, while the public may admire the designs here presented of architecture as an art, it may at the same time see what has been done to increase the comfort and convenience of their own homes.

#### ART AND ARTISTS.

##### TURNER'S PICTURES.

SINCE our last notice six more of Turner's pictures have been added to those previously hung in Marlborough House, and it is intimated that it may be long before the rest of the collection sees the light; but a selection of the drawings is promised shortly.

Of the six fresh pictures, two belong to the earlier period of Turner's career, and four to the latest of all. We have some difficulty in guessing what can have led to the selection of these four for exhibition, unless it be their convenient size. They are entitled "Bacchus and Ariadne," dated 1840; "The Exile and the Rock-limpet," dated 1842; "Undine giving the Ring to Masaniello," dated 1846; and "The Angel standing in the Sun," dated 1846. We can remember their exhibition in Trafalgar-square as they came from the artist's hand, and we do not find them more intelligible now than we did when they first



appeared. To us they are mere senseless eccentricities, extremely ugly and uninteresting. The first derives its title from containing some wretched caricatures of the figures in Titian's immortal work, the gem of our National Gallery. The exile contemplating something supposed to be a rock-limpet is sufficiently recognisable as Napoleon the First, but ridiculously caricatured. As for Undine's Ring and the Angel in the Sun, we can only say with the many-tailed Pacha of Bagdad, What is this but *bosh*, nothing? Are we to eat dirt? Are our beards to be laughed at? Turner had a taste for mystification, and a degree of malignity by no means warranted by the treatment which he experienced from the world. He was a humorist and misanthrope. He could afford to make the public eat dirt, and he did it most successfully. His advocates and admirers may possibly excuse the absurdity of these latest productions on the score of declining powers; if so, these imbecilities had better have been suppressed than have been exposed as choice specimens of the work of a great national artist.

Of the earlier works, "Calais Pier" is considered by the Turnerites as the *chef-d'œuvre*. It is certainly a picture of considerable power, full of stir and motion. The clouds above are in movement, and by sea and land not an object seems at rest. The colouring is extremely sombre and oppressive, a quality which Turner seems to have borrowed from Wilson's storm pieces, such as the Niobe. We, however, get a patch of blue sky through an opening of the clouds, which is a great relief to the eye. As in all of Turner's pictures that we are acquainted with, there is no distinct suggestion of anything to interest the spectator.

What the people on the pier are doing, or whether there are any there or not, is a matter of indifference. Whether the boat next the pier is being shipwrecked or not, we neither can discover, nor are invited to discover. All human interests whatever are merged in the one consideration of there being a stiff gale. In this respect Turner was true to the instincts of his age, of which the tendency is to treat man as a mere item among the manifold phenomena of nature. In his later pictures, not only man, but all other objects whatsoever, are merged in vague generalities—his works are, so to speak, all about nothing at all; they have no contents, unless what are lent them by the explanatory catalogue. Something of this is true of the picture of the "Calais Pier." However, it forms a fine pendant to "the Shipwreck," one of Turner's most vigorous efforts. Both pictures would be much improved by a more favourable light than they now enjoy.

We have spoken our minds about Turner, aware that for the moment the popular current is towards the unlimited and indiscriminate admiration of his works. We only request those who go prepossessed with the idea that these things are the perfection of art, to turn from Turner's Venices, to the little Venetian view by Bonington of the Dogana by Stanfield; both in the Vernon Gallery. Compare the early sea-pieces, for treatment of clouds and of a sombre atmosphere, with Wilson's Niobe and Cephalus and Procris; the other early landscapes, with the works of Callcott, Cooke, Lee, Linnell. It is a positive refreshment to turn to their simple and honest versions of nature from the suffocating glare and bewildering fogs of our so-called great national landscapists.

## MUSIC AND MUSICIANS.

### NEW MUSIC.

Germany.—Switzerland.—*La Fête des Rosières*. By ALBERT LINDAHL. London: Chappell and Co. THESE three pieces of music belong to a class of which, unfortunately perhaps, there is not enough. What, is there any music of which there is not already more than enough? We leave the answer to pianoforte players, especially amateurs, who, if they can play moderately well, and are asked to sit down to amuse a company, are either driven to some long interminable piece or to an air with variations, of which we have a reasonable dread, or to the platitude of a polka. We know of but few pieces of music for the pianoforte which would be acceptable under such circumstances—that is, with just so much difficulty as to give a favourable impression of the performer, sufficiently long, so as not to produce a shrug or a yawn; and with that agreeable variety of melody and modulation of gravity and gaiety which will interest and amuse for a time that mingled mass of human beings called an evening party.

The first of these, *Germany*, is written after the school of Thalberg; that is, the air is carried on while the accompaniment is introduced with both hands. The air is plaintive and pleasing, the accompaniment moderately difficult and well adapted, and the whole is rather under than over the bounds of time.

The second, *Switzerland*, aims at the musical description of natural events. We are not partial to such expositions. There must be a sameness always in the music. Thus in this, a village fête is represented by a barcarole, which we have all heard somewhere; then an Alpine horn sounds. In this, however, the Alpine horn begins, and is introduced again

and again; then we have a chromatic rumbling with pedals up, meant for thunder. This always looks black on paper, as if sympathetically. Then there is a prayer, interrupted occasionally with the aforesaid chromatic rumbling, piano—that is, in the distance; the whole winding up with a *da capo* of the barcarole. Mr. Lindahl's description is as good as any we have heard of the kind.

*La Fête des Rosières* is written as a pendant to a pretty village ceremony in some parts of France, which is familiar in story books. "*Les jeunes filles nommées Rosières sont celles qui ont obtenu 'La Rose,' prix de sagesse donné annuellement dans quelques villages de la France.*" We have nothing literally to say against this composition. It is minor and major; flat and sharp, natural, occasionally accidental; and returns and ends with a brilliant diatonic gush in the major of the key from whence it started. If variety is charming, here, at all events, there is enough of it.

*Reflections on Church Music*. By CARL ENGEL. London: Gustav Scheurmann and Co.

This is a work of some pretension, notwithstanding the title; for it is not confined to reflections alone, but aims also to lay down rules for the performance of Church Music in this country. That some reform is required in the ordering of the musical part of the service throughout the country must be evident to all who have ever listened to the music of a village choir. The subject has long and deeply occupied the attention of our divines and musicians. It has its difficulties, which are not easily met. Our author, however, rushes into it as if the whole matter was to be adjusted by the bare putting forth of a string of trivialities and absurdities with which the book abounds. Glancing at the "Important Rules of Singing," we find it pompously enunciated that "the singing must be in tune," "the words must be properly pronounced," &c.; and then, to show how well qualified Carl Engel is for his part, it is stated that "a pure voice originates in the chest"—a proposition as ridiculous as if he had said that the sounds of an organ came from the bellows. Again, with reference to words: "The pronunciation of the vowels gives, on the whole, less trouble than that of the consonants." The position of "less trouble" is not very intelligible, and certainly not tenable; and as to "the consonants which can only be used in connection with the vowels, and are produced in different ways—some by closing the lips, others by pushing the tongue against the teeth, and so on," we have only to warn our readers against the lip which the pushing process would certainly produce.

In the remarks on "Congregational Singing," the author diverges on singing in harmony and in unison, advancing what he calls arguments on both sides. With reference to the first—starting with the dictum, "It is more natural to an assembly of singers to sing in harmony than to sing in unison"—Carl Engel then proceeds to establish his point that this predisposition to harmony arises from the different pitch of voice in different individuals. "An alto voice would sing it four or five notes lower than a treble voice, and a tenor voice would sing it at a distance from the bass voice, similar to that of the alto from the treble; and this, unbearable as it would be thus if heard together, would yet, by judicious cultivation, most naturally lead to part singing." We confess ourselves utterly unable to comprehend how judicious cultivation can assist this rasping process of transition, and must therefore leave it to those who are willing or able to go through the trial.

In a chapter on Organ Playing we are treated with the following platitudes: "He (that is the player) must be a religious man." "He must be a skilful player." "He must be well acquainted with the character of the different stops," &c. And in a chapter on Choir Singing we find the following specimen of drivelling:—"Some explanations respecting cathedral music. By cathedral or choral service is understood the celebration of divine worship as it exists in the cathedral or the church in which the bishop of the diocese has his seat, hence the word *cathedra* or *throne*." What is this but the coxcombry of learning, without even its accuracy?

We trust, for the credit of our nation, that no Englishman has ever gone about thus to set down rules for the church music of other countries; and it would have been better if our author had not thus rushed in where others have hardly dared to tread. We fear that the adage *ne sutor* is applicable in this instance, and is the only palliation we can find for this flippant dictation from a foreigner upon a solemn subject which has for so long a period gravely agitated and still occupies the minds of the people of this country.

## LITERARY NEWS.

We understand that Mr. Gilfillan's long-expected and elaborate tractate for the times, entitled "Christianity and our Era," is ready for publication, and may be expected soon. It is said to contain a defence of Christianity against Carlyism and other forms of modern scepticism, an inquiry into the causes of doubt, and a gentle and friendly, but firm dealing

with doubters; besides an exposure of the corruptions which have crept into the present forms of Christianity, an estimate of the relations of our present religious systems to the influences and spirit of the age, and a strong and lengthened argument for the pre-millennial advent of Christ. It is, we are told, by much the closest and most thoughtful of Mr. Gilfillan's works.

Many a literary home (says the *Athenæum*) has been made brighter this Christmas time by the noble sympathy of John Kenyon, the poet, whose death we recently announced. The poet was rich as he was genial. Scarcely a man or woman distinguished in the world of letters with which he was familiar has passed unremembered in his will, and some poets and children of poets are endowed with a princely munificence. Among those who have shared most liberally in this harvest of goodwill we are happy to hear that Mr. and Mrs. Browning receive 10,000*l.*, Mr. Proctor (Barry Cornwall) 6000*l.*, and Dr. Southey a very handsome sum, we think 8000*l.* We hear that there are about eighty legatees, many of them the old literary friends of the deceased poet.—The *Glasgow Citizen* says: "Now that the accounts connected with Mr. Thackeray's Lectures on the Four Georges have been made up, we are enabled to state that the Glasgow Athenæum has cleared nearly 500*l.* by the speculation. For his four lectures Mr. Thackeray received only 105*l.*, having at the same time come under an obligation not to re-deliver them, or to give any other lectures in Glasgow during the present winter. He considered that he had been 'done,' and, according to all accounts, was but differently successful in disguising his emotions. Mr. Thackeray had previously received 200*l.* for delivering the same lectures in Edinburgh."—Dr. Francis Lieber has retired from his Professorship of History and Political Economy in the College of South Carolina (U.S.)—a station which he has occupied for twenty years. It will not be easy to replace him. Dr. Lieber's future residence, we understand, will be at the North.

Within the last few weeks, in excavating the floor of the building formerly known as the Riding-school, near Christ Church, Bath, several interesting remains have been discovered. Among the many objects were coins of Julia Mamaia, Gallienus, Victorinus, Tetricus, Claudius Gothicus, Diocletian, Constantine Magnus, Crispus, Constantine, jun., Constantine, Constantine II., Magnentius, Valentinian I., Valens, Gratian. In addition to these there was a perfect handmill, fourteen inches in diameter, for grinding corn.—Two French chemists, Messrs. Wohler and Deville, have succeeded in crystallising the well-known substance, boron, which has hitherto been known only as a greenish-brown powder, or in combination with an acid. The crystal possesses a brilliance and refractive power which nothing equals but the diamond, and it is said rivals it even in hardness, being capable of scratching corundum, which, next to diamond, is the hardest substance known. This discovery may soon put us in possession of a factitious diamond which the most experienced eye will be unable to distinguish from the genuine.—There is now little or no doubt as to the intention of the Government to despatch final expeditions in search of further traces of Sir John Franklin. They will probably consist of three parties, one overland, another *via* Behring's Straits, and a third *via* Davis's Straits. The Behring's Straits expedition will probably be commanded either by Captain Collinson (should he volunteer his services), or Captain Rochfort Maguire, an officer of great energy and much active experience. The Baffin's Bay expedition will, it is supposed, be offered to Captain McClintock, but we have as yet heard no one mentioned to command the overland party.—*United Service Gazette*.

## DRAMA, PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS, &c.

THE PANTOMIMES.—List of.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—Jullien's *Bal Masqué*.

DRURY LANE.—*See Saw Margery Daw; or Harlequin Holiday and the Island of Ups and Downs*: a pantomime by E. L. Blanchard, Esq.

As my readers know my old prejudice in favour of judging for myself, and my refusal to accept the verdicts of those gentlemen who "do the pantomimes" for the dailies, I shall make no apology when I say that I can only give them an account of one of the Christmas pantomimes, and that I am about to reserve the rest for calm reflection between this and the next impression. Still, as there may be some among them who may desire early intelligence as to what is proceeding, there can be no harm in subjoining a mere catalogue of the Christmas pieces, with such "winged words" as have come to my ears respecting them. Be it known, therefore, to all whom it may concern, that at Drury Lane Theatre Mr. E. T. Smith has brought out, "with his accustomed liberality," the pantomime of *See Saw Margery Daw; or Harlequin Holiday, and the Island of Ups and Downs*, which is by far the best pantomime that I have seen this season, seeing that it is the only one which I have yet attended. At the Princess's Mr. Kean has produced *Aladdin or the Wonderful Lamp; or Harlequin and the Genii of the Ring*, which is said to be a marvel of scenic beauty and artistic effect. At the Haymarket there is *The Babes in the Wood*;

or the *Cruel Uncle*, of which the like sweet things are said by those who have beheld it. At the Adelphi, there is *Mother Shipton*; or *Harlequin Knights of Love*, or the *Enchanted whistle-pipe Piccolo*, of which good report is also made. At the Lyceum, Mr. Dillon gives *Conrad and Medora*; or *Harlequin Corsair*, or the *Little Fairy at the bottom of the Sea*. At Sadler's Wells Messrs. Phelps and Greenwood keep up the old traditions of Grimaldi with *The Fisherman and the Genii*; or *Harlequin Padmanaba*, the *Enchanted Fishes of the Silver Lake*. At the little Strand they have *The Magic Mistletoe*; or *Harlequin Humbug and the Shams of London*. At Astley's, pantomime appears in the circus as *Paul Pry on Horseback*; or *Harlequin and the Magic Horseshoe*. And at the Surrey, the pantomime glories of former years are more than rivalled in *Harlequin and the Summer Queen*; or *King Winter and the Fairies of the Silver Willows*. Into the doings of the Victoria, the Grecian, *et hoc genus omne*, it is not my wont to enter; but it is said that they are behaving in a manner altogether worthy of their former fame, and prove themselves quite equal to the emergencies of Christmas. The Olympic alone remains faithful to the genius of burlesque, and once more upon its boards the veteran Planché charms the public with a beautiful extravaganza called *Young and Handsome*.

Before accompanying my readers to Drury Lane, I don't exactly know whether it will be quite in order, or whether the event is or is not strictly dramatic; but confess myself I must—I went to the *bal masqué*. Of course, it was a very naughty business—at least the reverend reporter in the *Times* tells me so (I am informed that they have one reverend doctor on the reporting staff of that journal, and that he is a very holy and decorous person indeed)—but I am inclined to believe that the persons who discovered such horrors in the *bal masqué* never went there at all, but sat gloomily at home, and conjured up within themselves all the terrible influences which they have attributed to M. Jullien's mirth-inspiring baton. For I am sure that the company was of the most respectable. I will take my affidavit that I saw "the London Scoundrel" there; and when that gentleman's wholesome approval of the gallows comes to be remembered, he cannot be considered otherwise than as a highly respectable individual. Other, perhaps even greater names, I might quote, but I respect their incognito—*taceo*!

The one great fact about the *bal masqué* was that the theatre was not burnt down; because it is very well known that theatres always do burn down when a *bal masqué* is held in them—at least, so we were led to infer when that calamity came to pass last winter. On the contrary, the theatre looked very bright, and fresh and pretty, and everything seemed to go off very happily and very creditably—which, of course, ought not to have been the case. Another great fact to be noticed was, that these balls are not congenial to our English tastes—at least, the *Times* reporter said as much, and the statement was abundantly proved by the thousand or fifteen hundred persons who attended this particular one, and as many more who were there to see. Well, well, there are many things in London which ought not to be; and, if we are to abolish them all, I, for one, am for beginning elsewhere than at the *bal masqué*. There may be vice there—and pray where is there not? But I am sure there is also a great deal of good wholesome fun and innocent merriment. Any way, it is a curious and a beautiful thing to watch the twining and intertwining of that strange and motley crowd, their jokes and their quiddits, their practical fun and inexhaustible good temper, their intriguing and whispering, their caperings and their canceans. When I am tired of such things, I shall e'en stay at home; but I shall not growl at my neighbours if they refuse to follow my example.

But the pantomime—Mr. Blanchard's pantomime—See *Saw Margery Daw*, or *Harlequin Holiday and the Island of Ups and Downs*; it is as good a piece of nonsense, in that way, as ever Mr. Blanchard, par excellence the prince of pantomime, has written. Gorgeous scenery, by Mr. Beverley, bowers of mistletoe filled with incantate kisses, millions and millions of pink ballet-girls (the bills only said a hundred and thirty; but that is only Mr. Smith's modesty), eight clowns, seventeen pantaloons, thirty-two harlequins, sixty-four columbines, a hundred and twenty-eight sprites, and two hundred and fifty-six supernumerary pantomimists. It is calculated that five hundred tons of Dutch metal have been employed in the decoration of the scenes, and that Covent-garden Market has quite as much as it can do in supplying the carrots and turnips necessary for throwing about in the comic scenes. Such is the profuse liberality of Mr. Smith, that only one square yard of muslin is used to veil the beauties of the ballet. Nothing like it has ever been seen, and nothing like it will ever be seen again. An audience of fifty thousand persons (more or less) rent the ceiling of the theatre with their deafening applause on Boxing-night, and so great was the enthusiasm that the total consumption of bottled porter, upon that occasion, has been estimated at one hundred thousand bottles. The receipts at the door have enabled Mr. Smith to purchase a leading morning journal—the name of which I am not yet at liberty to divulge—and it is reported that he intends to testify his gratitude to Mr. Blanchard,

by presenting him with another pipe, this time magnificently mounted in gold and gems.

But, as I leant over the back of the dress-circle of Drury Lane Theatre on Monday night, a curious vision met mine eye. I saw, not in a dream, but in all—I will not say sober, but in all drunken reality, two common sailors, and they had between them as dowdy a Dulcinea as could well be picked from the wilds of Whitechapel. There were well-dressed people around them; but there they sat, that drunken trio, perfectly unconscious of any disparity between their own sweet selves and the places which they occupied. One brave defender of his country had provided himself with a bottle of gin, and with this he ever and anon regaled himself and his interesting companions. When any point in the pantomime was particularly striking, the bottle made its appearance, and, as Dulcinea tossed off the nectar, she drew a long breath, and ejaculated "Stunning!" But, whether that was intended as a compliment to the gin or to Mr. Blanchard I was unable to determine.

Another feature of my visit to the Pantomime was that, when the Princess Margery Daw walked over the necks of the plebeians, the box-keeper at my side volunteered the following information: "That there, sir, is intended for a show-up in regard to our Princess, for wanting thirty thousand a year and Marlborough House." Previously to this, I had no idea that Clown and Pantaloon were such potent political agents.

JACQUES.

## OBITUARY.

HERMANN E. LUDEWIG.—Science has sustained a great loss through the death of Mr. Hermann E. Ludewig, which took place at New York on the morning of the 12th December. Mr. Ludewig's name is less familiar to English readers than it deserves to be; but in his native country, Germany, as well as in the country of his adoption, America, the services rendered by him to science are well known and duly appreciated. Mr. Ludewig was corresponding member of all the more distinguished European and American learned societies. His researches into the vexed question of the population of Central America are of the greatest importance, and the day is probably not far off when his solution of the same will be adopted as the true one. His bibliographical essay on the "Literature of American Local History," published at New York in 1846 at the expense of the author, is of the very highest interest to the student of the history of the United States of America; and a proof of the estimation in which this work is held by Americans is furnished by the fact that the work has become quite a rarity in the American book-market, and that a most extravagant price is paid for every copy that occasionally turns up. The work is at the same time one of the best samples of monographical bibliography in existence, and furnishes, with the "Literature of American Aboriginal Linguistics," now in press with Trübner and Co., the most striking proof of Mr. Ludewig's disinterested devotion to science. In the deeper studies of the various sciences, bibliography, the knowledge of their respective literature, becomes more and more indispensable; but how seldom do we find men of brilliant intellect, of vast and varied erudition, men, in fact, who, like the late M. Ludewig, are destined to shine in the local light of science, who would be satisfied to undergo the drudgery of laying the foundation for others to build imperishable monuments upon? This rare kind of disinterestedness was the distinguishing feature of M. Ludewig's literary life; it procured for him innumerable correspondents in all quarters of the globe; and to his suggestive mind, to his ardour in the service of truth and science, to his hints, advice, and encouragement more matured fruits of science are probably due than will ever be traced to them, except by the publication of the vast correspondence of our late lamented friend. His motto was "Nosse bonos libros magna pars est eruditionis;" and the forthcoming "Literature of American Aboriginal Linguistics" will show how he understood these words. In private life M. Ludewig's character was distinguished by many amiable qualities—he was an affectionate husband and a sincere friend. The world loses in him an accomplished scholar, the Germans in America their best representative; but to his friends the loss will be irreparable.

MILLER, Mr. Hugh.—On Wednesday forenoon, at Edinburgh, suddenly, Mr. Hugh Miller, the well-known writer on geology and editor of the *Witness* newspaper, Mr. Miller had been found lying dead on the floor of his bedroom, shot through the heart with a pistol bullet. That he died by his own hand there seems to be no doubt; but the circumstances under which the melancholy event happened do not lead to the supposition that his death was an act of intentional suicide. For some time past Mr. Miller had been in a somewhat indifferent state of health, brought on, we believe, by over-study in the preparation of a new work on geology. He suffered considerably from nervous excitement, and, though at all times a man of eccentric manners, an unusual strangeness was remarked by his acquaintances. The evening before his death he was to have delivered a lecture on "The Mosle Creation" to an audience at Portobello, a bathing-place in the neighbourhood of Edinburgh, where he resided. He had prepared the lecture, but the state of his health prevented his delivering it, and it was read in his absence by a friend. In the course of the day Mr. Miller saw his medical adviser, to whom he complained of headache, brought on by the want of refreshing sleep. Following the directions he received, he took a warm bath and retired to rest at an early hour. He had for some time been in the habit of keeping a loaded revolver in his bedroom, having, it is said, a strong apprehension of danger from housebreakers, for which, in reality, there was some reason, as an attempt was made not very long ago to break into his valuable museum. No explosion was heard by the servants during the night, and it was not till the morning that the body was found lying near the bath-room. Those circumstances seem to prove that the melancholy event was purely accidental, while the state of Mr. Miller's mind as

well as his general character and position preclude the idea of premeditated or intentional self-destruction. PARIS, Dr., the President of the College of Physicians, on Wednesday morning, at half past eight o'clock, at his residence in Dover-street. Few men have run so long, and at the same time so honourable a career. For half a century precisely Dr. Paris had practised as a physician, and had risen to the very highest honours which it was in the power of his professional brethren to bestow. He was born at Cambridge on the 7th of August, in the year 1763, and at twenty-two years of age he was elected physician to the Westminster Hospital—a most distinguished honour for so young a man—and he continued in the active exercise of his professional duties until within a fortnight of his death.

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